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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE REIGN OF TERROR IN BELFAST: A TRAM IN A DANGER ZONE, WITH PASSENGERS AND CONDUCTOR CROUCHING TO ESCAPE SHOTS, AND WITH LIGHTS OUT AND WINDOWS WIRED AGAINST BOMBS.

Belfast has been enduring a reign of terror during the strife of "warring factions." Mr. L. Raven Hill, our Special Artist in Ulster, writes: "Trams passing through dangerous quarters in Belfast are protected against bombs by wire netting round the platforms and over the windows. When firing is going on, all lights are extinguished, and the trams are rushed past the danger zone, the passengers generally taking shelter under the seats." A "Morning Post" correspondent

writes of Belfast: "To-day armoured cars patrol its thoroughfares. The houses of notable loyalists are surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements, and guarded by armed police. The tram-cars are defended by wire netting against the bombs of assassins. Whole streets are unsafe for traffic, because they are in the fire zone of nests of Sinn Fein snipers . . . I am not unaware that there are reprisals, and that innocent Roman Catholics suffer sometimes for the crimes of their party."

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN HILL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ULSTER, FROM DETAILS OBTAINED BY HIM. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE plague of atrocious and anonymous murders has naturally been discussed as a problem of the police. It is usually thought sufficient to make a vague demand for more "organisation," for the modern man is in favour of introducing order into everything except his own ideas. But I think the remedy insufficient—first, because the British police are already more centralised and powerful than they were ever meant to be, or than our national tradition of liberty allowed of their being; and, second, because all this talk of mere organisation rests on a fallacy. Organisation very often means merely turning men into machinery; and it is quite a mistake to suppose that machinery as such is efficient. Machinery can move slow as well as fast—indeed, machinery left to itself does not move at all. Nothing could be more elaborately organised than the etiquette of a Chinese Court, or a palace in the last and darkest days of Byzantium or Spain. All Byzantine bureaucracies, all systems of officialism in decadent and declining empires, are most systematically organised. What is wanting in them is the breath of life—or, in other words, people taking some sort of interest in their work. Such an organisation is the very opposite of an organism. It has no vitality, because it does not truly believe in its own aim in life. This is the tragic consequence of the false relations touching industrial injustice in the modern world. We hear a great deal about the policy of "ca' canny"; but people do not seem to have learned the one real lesson from it. It is that it is just as possible to organise slackness as to organise efficiency; perhaps a little more easy. It is a certain attitude towards work, and the real reasons for that attitude, that are worthy of the attention of a thoughtful person. If I thought the police were inefficient, I should not be content with shuffling papers and rearranging labels, with putting one department under another department, or giving one unsuccessful official more power over another. I should inquire first whether the police were discontented, and whether, perhaps, they had some reason to be discontented.

But I doubt whether we need to argue that the police are particularly inefficient, and I think there are other causes. To begin with, the modern notion of universal official organisation is a physical impossibility, and almost a contradiction in terms. It implies that everybody should be shadowed, and therefore that every man must be his own shadow. It demands a policeman for every person, which could not be attained even if every person were a policeman. There are only a certain number of officials to go round; and, if we insist on using some of their energies for small and senseless objects, there will obviously be less for large and serious objects. If one of the officials is engaged in preventing people from buying chocolates after half-past eight, he has the less attention to give to

people who send poisoned chocolates to other people whom they have the misfortune to dislike. If a policeman is engaged in preventing a man from standing treat to an old friend in a public-house, he cannot at the same moment be preventing another man from stabbing an old enemy in another public-house. The common sense of this consideration was as obvious as broad daylight to our fathers, and was embodied in the old legal tag of "De minimis non curat lex." But that maxim has certainly been entirely reversed and repudiated in modern social legislation. Our officials are so much occupied in controlling diet and details of medical theory, and disputed points of decorum in the arts, that such a trifle as a corpse on a doorstep or an assassination a few yards from a lamp-post appears almost in the nature of an irritating and unexpected addition to their daily toils. They

double-edged tool, a tool that cuts both ways. A criminal can use a motor-car as well as a policeman; he can even use a telephone with almost as much effect. This is quite as true, of course, on a large scale as on a small one, as was proved by the huge historical fact of Prussia at war. When Dean Inge reproved me for resisting the eugenic projects of coercion, he comforted himself by saying that science would march on and continue to produce its marvels whatever idealists might say. I ventured to reply by pointing out to what sort of triumph the science of Germany did actually march, and what sort of marvels it did actually display to the admiration of mankind. There is no doubt that a Zeppelin is a wonderful thing; but that did not prevent it from becoming a horrible thing. If human sin can produce such abomination out of the beautiful vision of aviation, out of the

science that takes the wings of the morning to abide in the uttermost parts of the sea, it is absurd to say that nothing evil can come out of a eugenical science that studies atavism and apes. The truth is that any advance in science leaves morality in its ancient balance; and it depends still on the inscrutable soul of man whether any discovery is mainly a benefit or mainly a calamity. This is, perhaps, the strongest argument for a morality superior to materialism, and a religion that refuses to be bullied by science. Moral progress must still be made morally; and a modern scientist who has invented the most complex mechanism, or liberated the most subtle gas, has still exactly the same spiritual problem before him as that which confronted Cain, when he stood with a ragged stone in his hand.



A GREAT SUCCESS OF THE FILM THEATRE: MISS LILLIAN GISH (RIGHT) AS HENRIETTE GIRARD, AND MISS DOROTHY GISH AS HENRIETTE'S BLIND SISTER LOUISE, IN "ORPHANS OF THE STORM."

Mr. D. W. Griffith's dramatic epic of the French Revolution, "Orphans of the Storm," produced recently at the Scala Theatre, is one of the finest spectacular films ever seen in London. Its great success is due partly to the fine acting of Miss Lillian Gish as the heroine, especially in the guillotine scene illustrated on the opposite page.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. D. W. Griffith Incorporated.]

cannot be expected to concentrate on anything so barbaric and elementary. "De maximis non curat lex."

It is therefore the very opposite of the truth to say that the police fail through lack of organisation. It is much nearer the truth to say that they fail because society is being far too much organised. A scheme of official control which is too ambitious for human life has broken down, and broken down exactly where we need it most. Instead of law being a strong cord to bind what it is really possible to bind, it has become a thin net to cover what it is quite impossible to cover. It is the nature of a net so stretched to break everywhere; and the practical result of our bureaucracy is something very near to anarchy. But I agree that there are yet other causes for that anarchy. Our lawlessness is not only produced by our passion for making laws.

For one thing, as many must have pointed out, every tool of modern science is necessarily a

are therefore as much on the side of the criminal as of the policeman. But to this there may also be added, I think, another truth not wholly unconnected with it. It is a more tentative suggestion than the other; but I incline to think it is true. It is not unlikely that in the recent chaos of creeds and codes, from which we are only gradually emerging, there may be a much larger percentage than in steadier periods of really educated men in a mood to be the enemies of society. Where there is a popular religion and a recognised law of life, the opposition to it will be merely lawless, and a great deal of it will be merely senseless. But we have passed through a time of transition when even a sensible man might well be a sceptic, and when a sceptic might well be an anarchist. For mind as much as machinery depends for its good or evil not on its force, but on its direction. But if really educated and enlightened men have more and more turned in a criminal direction, there will be a great augmentation of the criminal force; and it will not be altogether surprising if it is sometimes too much for the police force.

"SUPPORTED BY A CAST OF 12,000": FILM DRAMA ON THE GRAND SCALE.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. D. W. GRIFFITH INCORPORATED.



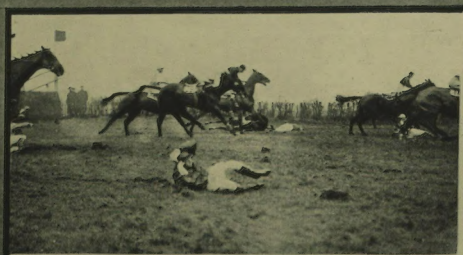
THE HEROINE'S LAST-MOMENT REPRIEVE FROM THE GUILLOTINE: HENRIETTE (MISS LILLIAN GISH), SAVED BY DANTON (MR. MONTE BLUE) ON THE SCAFFOLD, IN "ORPHANS OF THE STORM," AT THE SCALA THEATRE.

As mentioned under our photograph of Miss Lillian Gish and her sister on the opposite page, Mr. D. W. Griffith's great film-drama of the French Revolution, "Orphans of the Storm," recently produced in London at the Scala Theatre, has proved an immense success. The dignity and simplicity of Miss Gish's acting in the part of the heroine, Henriette, raises the final scene on the scaffold, where Henriette is saved from the guillotine at the last moment by Danton, far above the common level of melodrama. Mr. Monte Blue, who plays the part of Danton, is descended from Cherokee Indians. He is exceptionally tall, and a trained athlete.

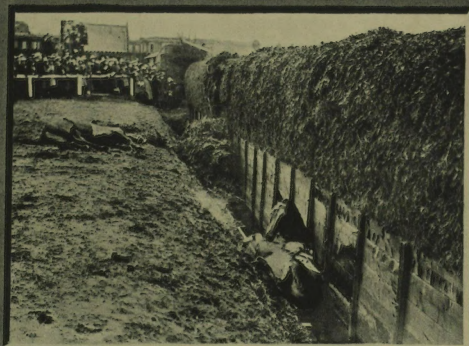
The principals, we learn from the programme, are "supported by a cast of twelve thousand"! Although colossal figures and elaborate production cannot alone make a film play popular, without an interesting plot and good acting, yet the mere statistics of material employed in the production of "Orphans of the Storm" are in themselves impressive. Some were given under the illustration of the garden party scene in our last number. The reproduction of Old Paris, for example, covered 14 acres, and contained 3,000,000 ft. of lumber, 3000 tons of paving stones, 4000 panes of glass; and 26 tons of properties were imported from France.

DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN THE GRAND NATIONAL: FALLS; AND LEADING IN THE WINNER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., C.N. AND L.B.



Last year's winner Shaun Spadah, down; Arabian Night's rider going over his head.



Victims of Becher's Brook: a horse in the ditch & Awbeg with broken neck.



Leading in the winner: Mr Hugh Kershaw's Music Hall (L.B. Rees up) after his victory.



Taking the stiffest fence of the Aintree course: Arravale (foreground) St. Bernard (right) & others at Becher's Brook in the first round.

The race for the Grand National at Aintree on March 24 was as thrilling as ever, and the attendance of spectators was enormous. The winner was Mr. Hugh Kershaw's Music Hall (trained by O. Anthony and admirably ridden by L. B. Rees), which started at 100 to 9 against and won by twelve lengths. Mr. J. Widger's Drifter (W. Watkinson up) was second, and Mr. J. C. Bulleel's Taffytus (T. Leader up) third. There were only three horses, out of a field of thirty-two starters, that got round the course without a fall. Sergeant Murphy came in fourth after a good race with A Double Escape, both remounted after spills. Shaun Spadah, last year's winner, again ridden by F. B. Rees, came down at the first fence. F. B. Rees is a brother of Music Hall's

jockey, and was a delighted spectator of his victory. Shaun Spadah's fall is seen in our first photograph, which also shows R. Sparaes, the rider of Arabian Night, going over his horse's head. The second illustration shows the scene of the worst troubles, Becher's Brook. "At Becher's," says the "Sportman," "Wavertree was knocked over by a loose horse, and Clashing Arms, Grey Dawn V. and four others came down. Awbeg breaking his neck and The Inca II, breaking a leg, necessitating his destruction." The large photograph shows five horses at Becher's in the first round. On the right is Mrs. N. Brownlee's St. Bernard (Mr. R. Pullford up), which fell at the same fence in the second round. In the foreground is Mr. C. R. Baron's Arravale (Mr. P. Whitaker up).

EVENTS OVERSEA: THE RAND REVOLT; THE McMAHON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND C.N.



SINCE SUPPRESSED BY GENERAL SMUTS: THE RAND REVOLT.—A SCENE IN THE MAIN STREET, JOHANNESBURG, BEFORE THE POLICE CLEARED THE CROWD.



WITH AN ARMOURD CAR AT THE HEAD OF THE CORTEGE: THE FUNERAL OF THE FOUR MURDERED MEMBERS OF THE McMAHON FAMILY IN BELFAST.



MOLIÈRE AS HERO OF A NEW PARIS PLAY: THE DRAMATIST (RIGHT) ACTING BEFORE LOUIS XIV.—A SCENE IN "MOLIÈRE" AT THE ODÉON.



TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE FOURTEENTH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL (SECOND FROM LEFT

MASSACRE IN BELFAST; "MOLIÈRE" IN PARIS; LORD BYNG.

DRAWING BY RENÉ LELONG.



PUBLIC SYMPATHY IN BELFAST WITH THE VICTIMS OF THE McMAHON MASSACRE: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN ROYAL AVENUE ON ITS WAY TO MILTOWN CEMETERY.



SCENE OF AN APPALLING CRIME THAT PROMPTED A NEW PEACE EFFORT: KINNAIRD TERRACE, BELFAST—THE McMAHONS' HOUSE SECOND FROM RIGHT.



CANADIAN PARLIAMENT AT OTTAWA: A GROUP, INCLUDING LORD BYNG, IN FRONT, WHO PERFORMED THE CEREMONY.



"THERE AROSE A THUNDEROUS KNOCKING AT THE FRONT DOOR": THE ENTRANCE TO NO. 3, KINNAIRD TERRACE, BELFAST, WHERE THE McMAHONS WERE MURDERED.

The revolutionary movement at Johannesburg was finally overcome by Government troops acting under the direction of General Smuts, Premier of South Africa. The decisive event was the bombardment and capture of Fordsburg, a suburb of Johannesburg and headquarters of the rebels, on March 14.—The terrible McMahon murders in Belfast no doubt prompted the British Government's action in summoning the leaders of Northern and Southern Ireland to a round-table conference in London, for a new effort towards reconciliation. It was arranged to open at the Colonial Office on March 29. Describing the murders, the "Morning Post" says: "The blood-lust aroused by recent political events in Ireland has been marked by no more appalling crime than that which stained the name of Belfast this morning (March 24), when almost an entire family, that of Mr. Owen McMahon, a Roman Catholic publican, living in Kinnaird Terrace, Antrim Road, were dragged from their beds and massacred. The names of the victims are: Killed—Owen McMahon (50); his sons Jeremiah, Frank, and Patrick, and Edward McKinney (barman). Wounded—John and Bernard McMahon (sons). . . . While the whole family were asleep there arose a

thunderous knocking at the front door, and five men, masked, rushed upstairs. Mrs. McMahon and a daughter were placed in a room by themselves. The murderers then collected all the men, driving them into the parlour. . . . They were shot one by one."—Molière, whose tercentenary was recently celebrated, is himself the subject of a play by MM. Frappa and Dupuy-Mazuel, recently produced at the Odéon, in Paris. Our drawing shows a Versailles scene in Act II, of "Molière," with M. Génier in the name part (extreme right); (seated by him) Mlle. Marcelle Frappa as Madeleine Béjart, M. Raoul Henry as Louis XIV. (centre), and M. Chaumont as Desmarteaux (extreme left).—The new Canadian Parliament, the result of the recent elections, was opened by Lord Byng of Vimy, Governor-General, on March 9. Our photograph shows—Left to right: standing—The Hon. Francis W. Erskine (Scotts Guards), Miss Elizabeth Byng, Captain Edward A. Green (Royal Suffolk Hussars), Mrs. Willis-O'Connor, Major H. Willis-O'Connor, Major G. P. Vanier. Lord Byng will this summer visit Western Canada and Yukon.

FOOTBALL'S ENORMOUS POPULARITY: AN F.A. CUP SEMI-FINAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., TOPICAL, C.N., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



HEADED IN BY MANN FROM A CENTRE BY SMITH: HUDDERSFIELD'S FIRST GOAL—IREMONGER, THE NOTTS GOALKEEPER, FAILING TO SAVE.



THE ONLY GOAL SCORED BY NOTTS COUNTY IN THE MATCH: THE BALL HEADED IN BY HILL FROM A CENTRE BY DALEY.



PLAYED BEFORE 46,000 SPECTATORS ON THE TURF MOOR GROUND AT BURNLEY: HUDDERSFIELD TOWN v. NOTTS COUNTY IN THE SEMI-FINALS OF THE F.A. CUP—SOME EXCITING MOMENTS AT THE HUDDERSFIELD GOAL.



DESTINED TO BE BEATEN BY HUDDERSFIELD TOWN BY THREE GOALS TO ONE: THE NOTTS COUNTY TEAM COMING OUT TO PLAY.



SHAKING HANDS: THE CAPTAINS OF HUDDERSFIELD TOWN (LEFT) AND NOTTS COUNTY (RIGHT).

The enormous interest taken in the annual struggle for the Football Association Cup was shown by the huge crowds that watched the two semi-final matches, that between Huddersfield Town and Notts County, illustrated above, and Preston North End v. Tottenham Hotspur, illustrated on the opposite page, both played on Saturday, March 25, on neutral ground according to custom. Huddersfield and Notts County met at Turf Moor, Burnley, before a gathering of 46,000 spectators, and Huddersfield won by three goals to one. The Notts captain, who won the toss, chose to play first with the wind, while the sun shone in his opponents'

faces. In the first half each side scored a goal. The change of ends in the second half brought the sun in the eyes of the Notts men, and the Huddersfield men, who proved themselves an abler team, made a better use of the advantage. What had been even play turned greatly in their favour, and within eight minutes they had scored the two other goals which gave them victory. In the photographs the Huddersfield players can be distinguished by their plain jerseys, and the Notts men (except the goalkeeper, Iremonger) by bordered white jerseys. The final, between Huddersfield and Preston, is fixed for April 29, at Stamford Bridge.

HUGE CROWDS AT AN F.A. CUP SEMI-FINAL: PRESTON v. "SPURS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND C.N.



PRELIMINARY GREETINGS: THE CAPTAINS—(LEFT) GRIMSDELL ("SPURS") AND (RIGHT) McCALL (PRESTON).



THE ONLY GOAL SCORED BY TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR: THE PRESTON NORTH END GOALKEEPER, J. F. MITCHELL, FAILS TO STOP A SHOT FROM SEED.



A MOUNTAIN OF HUMANITY: PART OF THE ENORMOUS CROWD ON THE WEDNESDAY CLUB GROUND AT SHEFFIELD WATCHING THE PRESTON NORTH END v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR MATCH—SHOWING THE "SPURS" GOAL IN THE BACKGROUND.



PRESTON'S RECOVERY IN THE SECOND HALF: THEIR FIRST GOAL—A SHOT FROM RAWLINGS PASSES JAQUES, THE "SPURS" GOALKEEPER.



PRESTON'S SECOND AND DECIDING GOAL: JAQUES, THE "SPURS" GOALKEEPER IS UNABLE TO STOP A SHOT FROM ROBERTS.

The other match in the semi-final round for the Football Association Cup, that between Preston North End and Tottenham Hotspur, was played on March 25, on the ground of the Wednesday Club at Sheffield, and resulted in a victory for Preston by 2 goals to 1. The "Spurs" had the best of the first half, and were unlucky in having a second goal that was kicked for them not counted because a player had been temporarily knocked out by being hit by the ball. Preston turned the tables in the second half, but just at the end the "Spurs" missed two good chances of scoring again. Curiously enough, a year ago the same two clubs met in the semi-

final on the same ground, and the result was the other way round, for the "Spurs" then beat Preston. Their defeat this time has removed the last Southern club from the present contest, while Preston, by winning the match, have gained the distinction of reaching the final for the third time. The last occasion was in 1889, when they won the Cup. This year they will meet Huddersfield, whose victory over Nottingham County is illustrated on the opposite page. The final tie will be played on April 29 at Stamford Bridge. In the above photographs the "Spurs" men can be distinguished by their striped jerseys (blue and white). Preston wore plain red jerseys.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

"WHEN in doubt play Napoleon, or, if that is impossible, play Dickens." The first part of that maxim, which an eminent editor used to recommend to those at a loss for a subject, would have been disastrously useless at The Pines, Putney, for if Swinburne had a *bête noire*, it was the First Consul and all his kin, even to the third generation. Nothing, Mrs. Watts-Dunton tells us in her naively interesting book, "THE HOME LIFE OF SWINBURNE" (Philpot; 15s.), roused the poet to such fury as the name Bonaparte—

Anyone curious to know of what heights of violent vituperation the poetic soul is capable should have heard one of Swinburne's tirades when the name of a Bonaparte was mentioned. Words and combinations of words, weird but picturesque, issued from his mouth like flames from a burning chimney. . . . The denunciation might have been uttered by a bargee with a liberal knowledge of the beautiful Billingsgate of the Porch.

For this disorder of a great mind, however, the second part of the editor's counsel would have proved a sovran remedy. It is not recorded that it was actually tried in any specific instance, but there can be no reasonable doubt of its power to pour oil on the troubled waters; for not only was Dickens an object of supreme idolatry to Swinburne, but the poet, even in his fiercest moods, could be easily mollified by a happy allusion to something or someone he liked, and would turn from the fiercest denunciation of an enemy to an enthusiastic descant in praise of a friend. Men of genius are proverbially "gey ill to live with," and possibly Swinburne was no exception. The devoted friends who sheltered his later years must have made constant silent sacrifices of their own tranquillity, but they had their reward in compensating proofs of the poet's sweeter side: his affection, his whimsical humour, his beautiful courtesy, which towards those whom he approved could be that of a grand seigneur. To Mrs. Watts-Dunton these graces outweighed the *difficile* Swinburne. "To me," she says, "he appealed as a great gentleman."

To many the most attractive passages will be those that discuss Swinburne the Dickensian, chiefly for their minute information regarding the poet's preferences in novels and characters. The attempt to explain his Dickens-worship was unnecessary, and would scarcely have been undertaken had Mrs. Watts-Dunton been herself a Dickensian, which she confesses she is not. Swinburne's predilection frankly puzzles her—

How came it that a man of Swinburne's temperament, tastes, classical equipment and high poetic achievement should have come so completely under the thrall of Dickens? What in the name of wonder could the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Ave atque Vale" have in common with the writer of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "The Pickwick Papers"?

None of the suggested answers, that both men had "socialistic leanings," that "both were poets," is satisfactory, nor do I think any answer possible. The question does not really arise. The surprise that prompted it may be natural to those who see a great writer only on the remote pinnacle of his own highest efforts, and imagine that his mind must always be waltzing on celestial heights; but to take that view exclusively is to cut him off from humanity. There is no reason why authorship of "Atalanta" should be incompatible with appreciation of Mrs. Gamp or Dick Swiveller. But sincere worshippers of genius sometimes take so owlshly solemn a view of their idols that they consider any lighter traffickings on the idol's part an outrage on the fine mind. The fine mind does not suffer thereby. Rather

does it gain by this ability to relax. And it is no condescension, even for a Swinburne, to do homage to Dickens.

This overstrained view of what is or is not to be expected of a supreme genius may not have originated with Coventry Patmore, but he certainly formulated it in one of his essays, where he objected to a poet's taking concern with "the merits of Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes and the vulgarity of Dickens (*sic*) and the caricaturists of fifty years ago." "There is a sort of sanctity," he continues, "about such delicate genius which makes one shrink to see the robe of her Muse brush against anything common." The poet's sanctity is not here in dispute: it is Patmore's examples of the "common" that are questionable. Yet they serve to illustrate the fallibility of the devotee lost in amazement

throw a chance comment, pencilled on the margin of a book, into Gampese. Had the author he was reading been Scriptural in tone the poet would note, "Such was his Bible language." The trick has been observed in other classical scholars and poets. Mr. Lang, reading in a minor poem of "Love flying through the pane," remarked in the manner of Mr. Mantalini, that "if Love did so, he would cut himself demnebly." The fine mind is not discounted by these frolics, in which the most "precious" (in the precious sense) indulge on occasion. That Walter Pater was among the lighter jesters with the text of Dickens is not recorded, but he, the high-priest of the remote and the fastidious, had a relish for small jokes and loved Gilbert and Sullivan. Ruskin, an ardent Dickensian from his boyhood, also found irresistible pleasure in pantomimes, even up to extreme old age.

Nowhere in her book has Mrs. Watts-Dunton done less disservice to Swinburne's memory than in her amiable sketch of the poet under the thrall of Dickens. The devotion was not only literary but practical, for at The Pines they kept Christmas in the orthodox Dickens manner. Dickens himself would have approved of the ritual; most of all would he have rejoiced over the schoolboy simplicity of an elderly Bard, who one Christmas presented Mr. Watts-Dunton with a wax figure of the novelist. Swinburne had fancied it in a shop, and fidgeted to learn whether the shopman would part with such a treasure. It must be his at any price. Four and sixpence met the case, and both giver and receiver were delighted.

In less exalted literary circles than those we have been considering, the gentle art of not taking oneself or one's neighbours too seriously is practised with success by at least one writer, Mr. G. B. Burgin, who has, with amazing speed, got out another pleasant book of reminiscences. His last was a rare good thing, and his new volume, "MORE MEMORIES AND SOME TRAVELS" (Hutchinson; 16s.), is a worthy companion to its forerunner. I only hope the author has not been in too great a hurry to follow on; but his publisher may be trusted to have gauged the public's appetite for these Burginesque tit-bits from Fleet Street and the regions beyond. If it is clamouring, I rejoice for Mr. Burgin's sake.



HUNG WITH OVER 400 FLAGS OF THE GREAT WAR, RECENTLY ADDED TO THE OLDER RELICS: THE GREAT SALLE TURENNE AT THE INVALIDES.

In the Salle Turenne at the Musée des Invalides, in Paris, there are now hung 442 flags and standards of the Great War, including 390 belonging to French regiments formally demobilised on February 21. They are seen hung in groups along the walls, above the busts of famous soldiers of modern French history, and beneath the older emblems, among which are Revolution colours and Napoleonic eagles. "To enter this place," says a French writer, "is like going into a chapel whose relics have just been multiplied manifold, and on the threshold of which one instinctively uncovers."

that a Swinburne of this world should have anything to say to a Dickens. "Surely, Master Aubrey, that is puffed and false."

Healthy genius takes itself lightly. You recall Scott's pretty simile of talent carried like a milkmaid's *leggin*, and his reasons for anonymity. Lapses occur. Thackeray told Tennyson that he did not rate Catullus highly, and could do better himself. But the next morning how handsomely W. M. T. apologised! "When I have dined, sometimes I believe myself to be equal to the greatest painters and poets. That delusion goes off; and then I know what a small fiddle mine is and what small tunes I play upon it."

Swinburne's whimsical delight in the oddities of Dickens's characters seems to have attended him like the Socratic *dæmon*. He would even

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA AND HER ONLY SON MENYELEK. By Sir E. A. Wallis Budge. (Medici Society; 30s.)

This work is a great storehouse of ancient legends and traditions derived from the Old and New Testaments, from Rabbinic and Apocryphal writings, and from Egyptian (both Pagan and Christian), Arabian, Syrian and Ethiopic sources. The Ethiopic version, from which this English translation was made, was compiled by Isaac, a Christian visionary and patriot, between 1314 and 1334 A.D.

CHASING AND RACING: Some Sporting Reminiscences. By Harding Cox. (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net.)

The personal experiences of the writer as a Master of Harriers and Foxhounds, as well as in coursing, shooting, angling, and rowing.

A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE ON THE COMPARATIVE METHOD. By Sir Banister Fletcher. (Batsford; £2 2s. net.)

The aim of this work is to give in clear and brief form the characteristic features of the architecture of each country, and to consider those influences which have contributed to the formation of each special style.

ROUGH SHOOTING. By Richard Clapham, with an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B. (Heath Cranton; 7s. 6d. net.)

A book for the man of moderate means; with some Notes on game-preservation and vermin-extirpation.

VOLCANO. By Ralph Straus. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)

The author calls his new and most amusing novel, "a frolic," and it is undoubtedly conceived in the true comic spirit. Mr. Straus manages to keep a flow of charming gaiety without once forcing the note.

THE 'VARSITY SPORTS: A NINE-TO-ONE TRIUMPH FOR CAMBRIDGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

THE HURDLES:
L. F. PARTRIDGE
(C.), WINNER.THE MILE: H. B.
STALLARD (C.),
WINNER.THE 100 YDS. AND
LONG JUMP: H. M.
ABRAHAMS (C.).THE FINISH OF THE THREE MILES: W. R.
SEAGROVE (C.), WINNER, BREASTING THE TAPE.THE HIGH JUMP:
E. S. BURNS (C.),
WINNER.THE HALF-MILE:
E. D. MOUNTAIN
(C.), WINNER.THE QUARTER-
MILE: G. M. BUT-
LER (C.), WINNER.OXFORD'S ONLY EVENT—PUTTING THE WEIGHT:
MR. A. I. REESE (O.), WINNER.A NEW EVENT—THE 220 YARDS LOW HURDLES:
W. S. BRISTOWE (C.), THE WINNER.SUBSTITUTED FOR THROWING THE HAMMER:
THE 220 YARDS LOW HURDLES, A NEW EVENT.TAKING THE FIRST HURDLE IN THE 120
YARDS HURDLES: THE FOUR COMPETITORS.WINNING THE HIGH JUMP FOR CAMBRIDGE
WITH A JUMP OF 5 FT. 10 1/2 IN.: E. S. BURNS.THE FINISH OF THE QUARTER-MILE: G. M.
BUTLER WINNING THE RACE FOR CAMBRIDGE.WINNING OXFORD'S ONLY EVENT: A. I. REESE
PUTTING THE WEIGHT (LEFT HANDED).ALSO WINNER OF THE 100 YARDS: H. M.
ABRAHAMS (C.) WINNING THE LONG JUMP.

Cambridge carried all before them this year in the University Sports at Queen's Club, on March 25, winning nine out of the ten events. Oxford's only success was in Putting the Weight, won by Mr. A. I. Reese (Lincoln), with Mr. F. K. Brown (Exeter) second. They both hail from the United States. A new event on this occasion was the 220 yards Low Hurdle Race, with 2 ft. 6 in. hurdles, tentatively introduced instead of Throwing the Hammer. It was won for Cambridge by Mr. W. S. Bristowe, of Caius. Another Caius man, Mr. H. M. Abrahams, won both the 100 yards (in 10 1-5th sec.) and the Long Jump (22 ft.). Mr. H. B. Stallard, also

of Caius, won the mile in 4 min. 22 2-5th sec. The 120 yards Hurdles went to Mr. L. F. Partridge, of St. Catharine's (time: 16 sec.). Another "Cat's" man, Mr. E. S. Burns, secured the High Jump with 5 ft. 10 1/2 in. The Three Miles, the great race of the day, was won by Mr. W. R. Seagrove, of Clare, in 15 min. 2 3-5th sec. Mr. G. M. Butler, of Trinity, won the Quarter-Mile in 51 1-5th sec., and Mr. E. D. Mountain, of Corpus, took the Half-Mile in 2 min. 0 2-5th sec. Of the Inter-Varsity Sports contests up to the present, Cambridge have now won 26 and Oxford 23, and there have been 5 ties. In 1903 and 1904 Cambridge won by 8 events to 2.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ULSTER: SKETCHES AND NOTES BY L. RAVEN HILL.

[Mr. L. Raven Hill, the celebrated "Punch" artist, has been in Ulster for "The Illustrated London News." In this number we publish the result of his visit, in the shape of numerous sketches made by him on the spot. All these sketches are documents upon which complete reliance can be placed. They are unbiassed, politically or in any other way, and are given as records of things as they are. Their interest is heightened by the recent statement of Mr. Churchill that he had it in mind that the British Government might draw a cordon of Imperial troops between the two warring factions, in the same way as was done with such success recently in Silesia.]

ULSTER to many Englishmen is an absolutely unknown country. I have never been in any part of Ireland before, and my impressions were, perhaps, more vivid than they would have been if I had had some previous knowledge of the country.

The scenes that I saw took place in a long stretch of beautiful country most resembling the southern part of Somersetshire interspersed with wild, hilly districts suggestive of Yorkshire moors rather than Scottish ones.

The people along the Border (you never hear the word Boundary over there, it is always the Border) are a distinct type from the people of Belfast. They suggest old Covenanters and men from the North of England, except in the Sinn Féin district, where they are more of the southern Ireland type.

Three things struck me most forcibly: the entire absence of British troops along the Border; the strain on the civilian population, on the small farmers, the shop-keepers, and the women; and the fact that in every case where houses had been burned, men murdered, and women shot at and terrorised, it was because the husband or son was a "B" Special.

All through the northern counties you hear of the "B" Specials. The "A" class of Special Constabulary is a fine body of paid and enlisted men of the R.I.C. stamp, under strict discipline and liable to be moved from one part of the country to another. "B" Specials are the local inhabitants who have volunteered and formed themselves into bodies, doing their work by day, and drilling and patrolling by night in reliefs for the purpose of protecting their own homes and districts against raids. In some places every able-bodied man in the district is a "B" Special, giving up three nights a week to patrol duties, while his work in the day goes on as best it can. In areas where the tension is most acute (such as Ballagh Bridge) all work on the farms has ceased with the exception of supplying the live stock and poultry with food. If you see in these districts a burnt-out cottage, a woman mourning over the loss of husband or son, and you ask the reason why, the answer is always the same—"Because he was a 'B' Special."

The morning I arrived at Ballagh Bridge, Sinn Féiners (I.R.A. forces) had blockaded a road half a mile inside the Ulster border. The inhabitants begged the Commandant of the county either to protect them, give them arms to protect themselves, or to break down the bridge leading from the Free State to their district. It was only after much consideration that the Commandant decided to break down the bridge, solely for the reason that he had not sufficient forces at his disposal to protect

this district, and the only alternative, that of arming an undisciplined population, would be certain to lead to trouble. It is too much to expect of any man worthy of the name that he will not retaliate for outrages inflicted daily upon his fellow men and women.

Two days later a party of Special Constabulary were sent down to destroy the bridge. The moment they were fired upon the officer withdrew his men from the bridge, although it would have been an easy matter to have held on there while the bridge was being destroyed. There was no

I want it understood that this is a question of the local population organising themselves against extermination, for that is what it must come to. The efforts of every person of influence and position along the Border on the Ulster side are directed to keeping the people from retaliating for these outrages, but they cannot do it much longer. Human nature cannot stand it.

It may be asked, "Why don't the English troops in Ulster assist?" In Military Law the Regular Forces are not allowed to be employed unless the civil powers cannot deal with the situation. In

these cases it means a hurried rush over the Border at night, a few farms burned, a few women and children terrorised, a few men killed or kidnapped and carried away. What a farce to think that the presence of English troops twenty miles away can have any effect! "Too late" might be adopted as their battle-cry.

All along the Border I had the same impression that I had in London when an air raid was expected. They were living in terror of something happening every night. The men are serious, but try to pass it off; but when you see the women alone you know that, however bravely they try to bear it all, they are scared out of their senses almost for the safety of their husbands and sons. The men say, "It is pretty bad for us, but it is worse for the women."

You may ask why should these people do this. It is because they mean to stay there, whatever happens. We too often in England judge all the Ulster question simply by the conditions in Belfast. No matter what Boundary Commission, what Government (whether the

Government of England or the Government of Northern Ireland) hands them over to the Irish Free State, these people will resist to the last.

I went into many cottages where tragedies had taken place. The women, old and young, always said the same thing: "The women of England never had to go through what we are going through, or they wouldn't let it happen."

NOTE.—Our readers interested in this subject may be reminded that a special correspondent of the *Morning Post* visited the Ulster border at the same time as Mr. Raven Hill, and their observations and conclusions were in complete agreement. The *Morning Post* articles, which began on March 21, give a very full and admirable account of the condition of affairs on the border, and might well be read in connection with Mr. Raven Hill's illustrations.



EPITOMISING THE BORDER DISPUTE: A ROUGH MAP, SIGNED BY SIR JAMES CRAIG FOR MR. L. RAVEN HILL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ULSTER.

In sending us this map signed by the Premier of Northern Ireland, Mr. L. Raven Hill writes: "Sir James Craig said to me: 'These boundary lines may help you to understand what the boundary question means to Ulster.' The lower line (shaded below it $\times \times \times$) shows the original boundary. The portion shaded \equiv shows the three counties given up by Ulster in 1920. That shaded \parallel shows the portion of Ulster now claimed by the South in 1922."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

question of the Northern forces being driven off; they retired so that there should be no provocation on their part. Over two hundred shots were fired that night from the southern side of the Border. Not a single shot was fired in return.

Since that time sniping is continually taking place from the southern side of the Blackwater (the river that divides them), but not a single shot is allowed to be fired in return. As a result of this policy the cottages of the farmers on the Border are riddled with bullets from across the water. The inhabitants have been compelled to evacuate these cottages, the men creeping back by day time at the risk of their lives to feed and water the cattle and poultry. At night the I.R.A. cross the boundary, and occupy these cottages in order to ambush Ulster people walking in their own country and land.

Although this is the busiest time of the farmers' year, all farm work is suspended, every able-bodied man having joined the "B" Specials.

OUR ARTIST IN ULSTER: THE BURNING OF HOUSES OF "B" SPECIALS.

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN HILL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE ULSTER BORDER.

DESCRIBING outrages in North Derry committed by "armed bands of I.R.A. incendiaries," a "Morning Post" correspondent writes: "In every case the property destroyed belonged to members of 'B' Class Ulster Special Constabulary. The damage is estimated at £40,000." Again, regarding Tyrone: "Flying columns of the I.R.A. last night (March 20) carried fire and sword through a wide area in the south-west of the county, mercilessly shooting loyalists, reducing their homes to ashes. . . . The homes of loyalists where members of the family were connected with the Special Constabulary were singled out for special attention." We omit names. The "Morning Post" said: "Names have been suppressed and in some cases identifying details omitted. The reader must not conclude that second-hand or vague evidence has been accepted, but the publication of names would prompt to murder, and disclosure of details would embarrass the Ulster Defence Forces."



TELLING HOW HER SON'S HOME WAS BURNT DOWN: THE MOTHER OF A FERMANAGH FARMER WHO WAS A "B" SPECIAL



WHERE THE OWNER WAS TIED TO A CAR WHEEL: MAJOR —'S HOUSE AT CLOGHER, BURNT BY SINN FEINERS BECAUSE HE WAS A "B" SPECIAL.

FARMHOUSES, it is said, were sprinkled with petrol and set on fire. "Families" (to quote from the "Morning Post" correspondent on outrages in Tyrone) "were driven away homeless, and the sky was illumined with the glare of blazing homesteads. Many were the finest farmhouses in the country. . . . The difficulties of defence are increased by the fact that behind the frontier line are areas where the Sinn Fein element is strong. Thus County Tyrone on its southern border is separated from Southern Ireland by the Clogher Valley, which was colonised by the Tudor and Stuart plantations. . . . This valley is almost exclusively loyalist, but behind it are districts where the Southern Irish racial and religious element is predominant. . . . The border settlers are thus between two fires."



"A DEVASTATED AREA IN ULSTER—NOT BELGIUM": HOUSES AT ROSLEA, CO. FERMANAGH, BURNT BY SINN FEINERS BECAUSE THEIR OWNERS WERE "B" SPECIALS.

Mr. Raven Hill supplies the following notes on his drawings reproduced above. "(1) The mother of a farmer in county Fermanagh telling us how her son's home was burnt down. He was a 'B' Special. (2) Roslea, County Fermanagh, a devastated area in Ulster—not Belgium. Roslea was burnt by Sinn Feiners because the owners (of the houses) were 'B' Specials. (3) Major —'s house at Clogher, burnt by Sinn Feiners because he was a 'B' Special. They tied him to the wheel of their car while they discussed whether they should shoot him, but

eventually released him." It may be noted that the Ulster Special Constabulary is divided into three classes. The "A" class, organised on R.I.C. lines, consists of paid regulars, largely ex-Service men, well armed and equipped and on full-time duty. They are kept in strong posts along the second line ready to move to any threatened point. The "B" Specials, who have borne the brunt of the patrol work in the front line, are unpaid volunteers of all ages. A "C" reserve is in process of formation.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OUR ARTIST IN ULSTER: BRIDGE-DESTRUCTION TO PREVENT RAIDS.

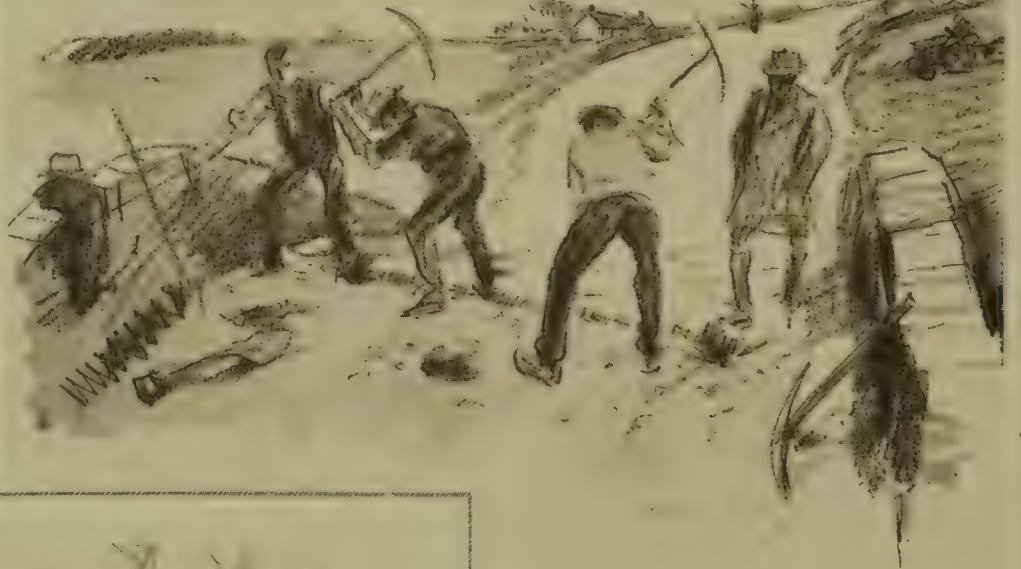
DRAWN BY L. RAVEN HILL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE ULSTER BORDER.



NEAR WHERE A CROSSLEY CAR FULL OF SINN FEINERS WAS CAPTURED: A BRIDGE BETWEEN DERRY AND DONEGAL.

replied to. The Northern Government had ordered the destruction of certain bridges to prevent incursions into Northern Ireland. He had transmitted the substance of Sir James Craig's telegram to the Southern Government. The Provisional Government said the Crossley tender was seized about 100 yards inside the Derry boundary. They were informed that the rifles and ammunition were captured about twelve or fifteen miles away, and that there was no connection between the Crossley tender which strayed across the border (laughter) and the capture of these rifles and ammunition. With regard to the raids at

(Continued in Box 3.)



PREPARING TO BLOW UP THE BRIDGE: ULSTER "SPECIALS" AND THE COUNTY COMMANDANT.



BLOWING UP THE BRIDGE IN ORDER TO PREVENT ANY FURTHER MOTOR RAIDS BY SINN FEINERS: THE ACTUAL MOMENT OF THE EXPLOSION.

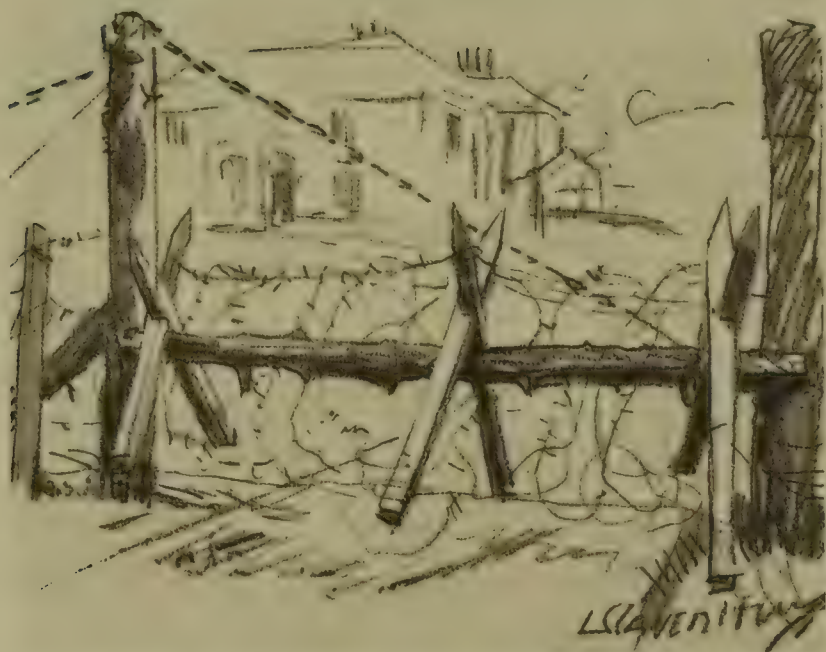
Maghera and Pomeroy, the Provisional Government said these were entirely planned and carried out by people resident in Tyrone and Derry, in the desire to get some protection for themselves against the terrorism which they alleged they were suffering from. It was said by the Southern Government that it was incorrect that fire was opened constantly from the Southern side of the border. The very reverse was the case. The situation in Caledon was tense. Catholic families had received threatening notices, and had had to fly to Monaghan for protection, and directly they had gone their houses were burned. Mr. Churchill said he was giving the House the two different sides. He took no responsibility for the statements one way or the other. The Southern Government also said that the blowing up of bridges was indefensible and unnecessary."

Behind a screen of frontier guards," writes a "Morning Post" correspondent, "patrolling night and day, and resting on strong points surrounded by barbed wire entanglements; the bridges and roads giving access from the Free State in most cases destroyed, in other cases guarded by entrenchments—the loyal population of Northern Ireland stands to arms to-day." The Ulster Specials had strict instructions to remain entirely on the defensive and not to return the fire. Mr. Raven Hill describes the lower drawing of the three given above as: "Blowing up a bridge near Londonderry the morning after a Crossley car with armed Sinn

Feiners was captured close by." The "Morning Post" correspondent says: "The morning I was in Derry (March 16) a Free State squad raiding across the frontier was captured. They had a new Crossley tender, in excellent condition, and four new British Service rifles (besides German automatic pistols). There was no reasonable doubt that the Crossley car and the rifles had been very recently British stores." On another page appear sketch portraits by Mr. Raven Hill of two of the captured men. Above is an extract from Mr. Churchill's speech in Parliament on this incident.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OUR ARTIST IN ULSTER: ROAD-BLOCKING; HOUSE DEFENCES; AMBUSH.

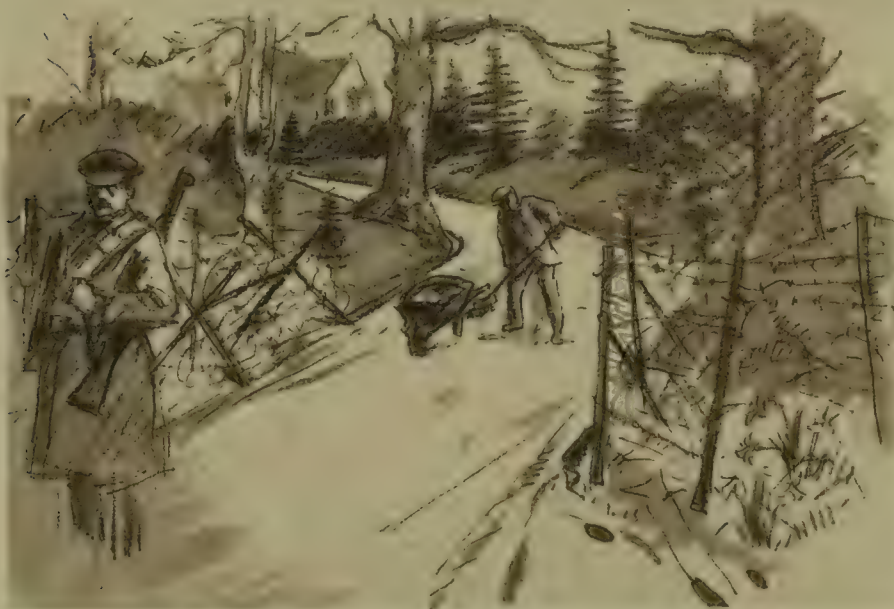
DRAWN BY L. RAVEN HILL OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE ULSTER BORDER.



"MY FIRST SIGHT OF THE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS": A FRONT GATE ON THE BORDER, CO. ARMAGH, WITH BARBED WIRE "KNIFE-REST" DEFENCES.



TRENCHED TO STOP MOTOR RAIDS, WITH A PATH (LEFT) FOR PEDESTRIANS: A BY-ROAD IN CO. TYRONE—SHOWING THE BORDER ON THE SKYLINE.



HOW THE ULSTER PREMIER'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE IS GUARDED: THE APPROACH TO SIR JAMES CRAIG'S HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS OF BELFAST.



WHERE (x) FIVE "SPECIALS" WERE SHOT: A COTTAGE ON THE DUBLIN-INNISKILLEN ROAD FROM WHICH MEN WITH A MACHINE-GUN AMBUSHED A PATROL.



THE LAST OUTPOST OF ULSTER ON THE DUBLIN ROAD: A TREE-TRUNK BARRICADE AT A POINT TOWARDS WHICH A PARTY OF SINN FEINERS WERE REPORTED MOVING. These drawings bear eloquent testimony to the deplorable state of things on the Ulster border. Regarding the top left illustration, showing his "first sight of the condition of affairs," Mr. Raven Hill says: "This private house was occupied by the local Special Constabulary and put in a state of defence." The second drawing shows "a trench dug across a by-road on the Ulster side to prevent raiding motors from coming across, a small path being left for pedestrians. The Ulster authorities



BLOWN UP BY ULSTER MEN TO PREVENT MOTOR RAIDS: A BRIDGE ON THE BORDER BETWEEN FERMANAGH AND DONEGAL—WITH TEMPORARY FOOTWAY. (Mr. Raven Hill adds) are closing the by-roads, as they have not enough police forces to guard more than the main road." This blocking of the roads by barricades, trenches, and bridge destruction is, of course, a great inconvenience to the Ulster people themselves, but is a necessary precaution for the defence of their property. We may add that several other sketches of bridges destroyed appear on other pages in this Number.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OUR ARTIST IN ULSTER: TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF FARMS

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN HILL, OUR



AN ULSTER HEROINE: A FARMER'S WIFE WHO HAD A REVOLVER FIGHT WITH HIS CAPTORS, TELLS HER STORY



A LOYALIST FARMER, WHOSE COTTAGE (SHOWN IN THE TOP RIGHT SKETCH) WAS TWICE FUSILLADED BY RAIDERS.



THE WIFE OF THE FARMER SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING SKETCH, WHO HELPED HIM BEAT OFF RAIDERS.



WITH NUMBERS INDICATING THE STAGES OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE FARMER'S WIFE (SHOWN IN THE FIRST DRAWING) AND RAIDERS CARRYING OFF HER HUSBAND: THEIR HOUSE IN COUNTY FERMANAGH.

The state of terrorism in which loyalist farmers on the Ulster border have been living of late is illustrated by typical instances in these drawings, on which Mr. Raven Hill supplies the following notes: (Top left-hand portrait) An Ulster heroine, Mrs. —, relating her experiences to the County Commandant, the representative of the "Morning Post," and myself. (Left-hand drawing below) The farmhouse where the outrage took place. Mrs. — was preparing breakfast when she heard shouts; she ran outside and saw about a dozen men seizing her husband by the barn. She called out to them from where she was standing, as they were hitting him on the head with pistols. Mr. — shouted one word, "Upstairs," before he was gagged. She understood what he meant, ran upstairs, and got his revolver from under his pillow. The kidnappers were then dragging him away, still beating him. Four or five of them threatened Mrs. — with their revolvers, but she ran towards them and fired. They fired several shots at her and kept her back while the rest dragged her husband away by the track.

RAIDED ON THE BORDER; A FARMER'S HEROIC WIFE.

SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE ULSTER BORDER.



OCCUPIED BY A FARMER (SECOND PORTRAIT) WITH HIS WIFE, OLD MOTHER, AND THREE YOUNG CHILDREN: A LONELY COTTAGE IN COUNTY FERMANAGH, TWICE FUSILLADED BY RAIDERS.



SHOWING RIFLES PLACED READY NEAR THE BED AND A ROUGH BUNK FOR THE CHILDREN IN A SAFE CORNER (LEFT): THE BEDROOM IN THE LONELY COTTAGE OF THE FARMER SHOWN IN THE SECOND PORTRAIT.

Mr. —, who later in the day escaped from them, is now insane through the injuries he received. He was a "B" Special. The numbers on the drawing show (1) The spot where he was seized. (2) The door from which his wife saw them striking him. (3) The spot from which she fired on the Sinn Feiners. (4) Where four or five men fired at her while the rest dragged him off along the track (5). The rest of the above drawings illustrate another case of terrorism in County Fermanagh. The portraits are those of a farmer and his wife who lived in the lonely cottage shown in the right-hand upper subject. Below is (to quote Mr. Raven Hill's note) "the room from which Mr. and Mrs. — fired on the raiders. They sleep with three rifles by the bedside. The three children were huddled in the rough bunk in the left-hand corner. The father is a 'B' Special." The "Morning Post" says: "His cottage has been attacked twice in the dark hours by armed Free State raiders. It was fusilladed heavily, but he beat the raiders off, with the help, in one case, of his wife."—[Drawings Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada]

OUR ARTIST IN ULSTER: BALLAGH BRIDGE; TYPES OF BOTH SIDES.

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN HILL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE ULSTER BORDER.



PARTLY DESTROYED BY ULSTER "SPECIALS" BEFORE THEY WITHDREW (ACCORDING TO ORDERS) ON BEING FIRED AT: BALLAGH BRIDGE—A SKETCH MADE UNDER FIRE.



A FINE TYPE OF ULSTER FARMER, NEAR BALLAGH BRIDGE: A MAN OVER SIXTY WHO HAS GIVEN UP FARM WORK TO GUARD ROADS.



ESCAPED TO BELFAST AFTER BEING THREATENED AND FIRED AT: A GIRL REFUGEE FROM THE SOUTH.



CAPTURED BY "SPECIALS" NEAR DERRY: (LEFT) AN "IRISHMAN" SON OF A MALTESE; (RIGHT) A SINN FEIN COMMANDANT



KIDNAPPED BY SINN FEINERS AND RELEASED: AN ULSTER LOYALIST, 78 YEARS OF AGE.



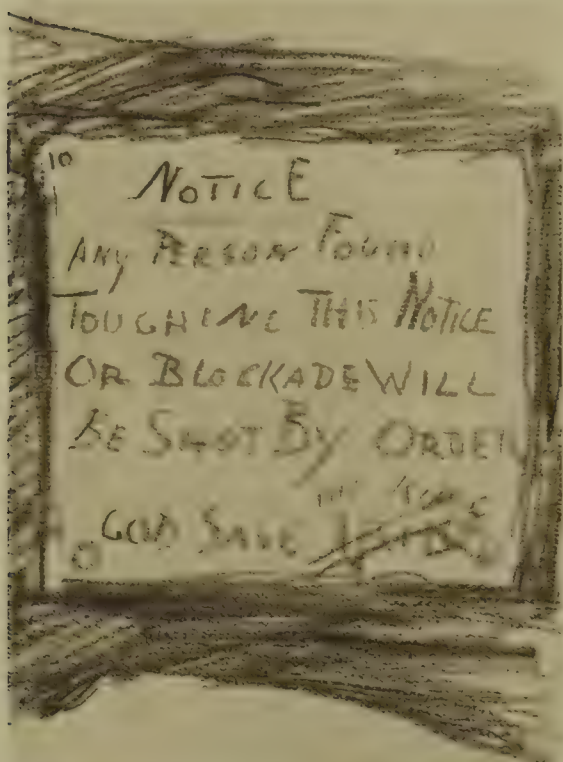
AN ULSTER MAN WHO WAS AMONG THOSE KIDNAPPED.



KIDNAPPED AND RELEASED: AN ULSTER "B" SPECIAL.



A LOYALIST FARMER FROM THE DISTRICT OF BALLAGH BRIDGE.



POSTED ON THE FELLED TREE SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING SKETCH: AN AMENDED NOTICE.



BEARING THE NOTICE SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING SKETCH: A TREE FELLED BY I.R.A. MEN ACROSS THE ROAD TO BALLAGH BRIDGE HALF A MILE INSIDE THE ULSTER BORDER.

The first drawing shows the damage done to Ballagh Bridge by Ulster "Specials" (at the request of local farmers, to prevent raids) before they retired, according to orders, on being fired at. The shots came from the trees in the right background. In the left background are loyalist farmers' cottages, bullet-riddled and abandoned: their owners creep up by day to feed their animals. Mr. Raven Hill writes: "I was fired at from over the bridge while making this sketch." On the other drawings (taken from left to right, from the top) he gives the following notes: "(2) (top right) One of the farmers in the Ballagh Bridge district who have given up all farm work to guard roads. A fine type, over sixty. Every able-bodied man in the district is a 'B' special. (3) Men captured near Londonderry (in the Crossley car mentioned on another page): (left) a man who called himself

an Irishman but admitted his father was a Maltese: (right) the Colonel Commandant of the Sinn Feiners, captured March 16. (4) Miss —, a refugee from the South to Belfast. She had attended the funeral of an R.I.C. man who had been killed. She said: 'The next day McKeown met me and told me he was sorry, but they'd have to do for me. Three times they fired shots into my house and I couldn't stand it.' McKeown is a prominent I.R.A. Commandant known in England as 'the gallant blacksmith.' (5) and (6) Two old men among the forty-three Ulster loyalists kidnapped on February 8 in County Tyrone and afterwards released. (7) A 'B' Special (another of the forty-three)." The subject of the two bottom drawings, the felled tree near Ballagh Bridge, is treated more fully on a double-page in this number.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OUR ARTIST IN ULSTER: DEATH AND "GUARDIAN ANGEL" IN BELFAST.

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN HILL OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ULSTER.



DESERTED, WITH PEOPLE HIDING: CAVOUR STREET—A LOYALIST STREET ADJOINING A SINN FEIN QUARTER—DOORS AND WINDOWS PAINTED RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.



A CONTRAST WHEN THE "GUARDIAN ANGEL" (A PATROLLING ARMoured CAR) APPEARS: CHILDREN PLAYING AND WOMEN TALKING IN CAVOUR STREET.



"I COUNTED OVER A DOZEN BULLET HOLES IN THE WINDOW AND DOOR": A LITTLE SWEET-SHOP OPPOSITE CAVOUR STREET, BELFAST, WHOSE PROPRIETOR WAS KILLED AT HIS COUNTER—SINCE CARRIED ON BY HIS WIDOW, UNDER FIRE.

"Cavour Street, Belfast," writes Mr. Raven Hill, "is a loyalist street adjoining a Sinn Féin quarter. The brickwork round doors and windows is coloured red, white, and blue. Six persons have been killed here and several wounded. Firing takes place nearly every day: it is generally started as the men leave for work, and they call it locally 'The Morning Hate.'" The dead include several children. Among the residents in the street are eighteen ex-Service men. The left-hand upper drawing shows Cavour Street when the armoured cars (known as the Guardian Angels of Belfast) are not patrolling the district. The street looks quite deserted, and a few people are lurking in corners to avoid shots. "In the back-

ground can be seen the beginning of one of the Sinn Féin areas: from this point they come to the corner, fire a few shots at anyone passing, and bolt away." The adjoining picture shows the street when the cars are patrolling and the inhabitants feel safe, women stand talking and children play. "In the little sweet-stuff shop opposite (the near end of) Cavour Street," writes Mr. Raven Hill, "all the windows are barricaded. The proprietor was killed behind the counter. When firing starts, his widow and her lad go into a room at the back and lie down. I counted over a dozen bullet holes in the window and door. Trade goes on—when the cars are patrolling."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OUR ARTIST IN ULSTER: BORDER FARMERS ASKING FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF A BRIDGE, TO PREVENT RAIDS.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT, FROM SKETCHES BY L. RAVEN HILL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE ULSTER BORDER.



SHOWING A TREE FELLED BY RAIDERS HALF A MILE WITHIN THE-ULSTER BORDER: FARMERS ASKING THE COUNTY COMMANDANT TO BREAK DOWN THE BALLAGH BRIDGE OVER THE BLACKWATER, THE BOUNDARY RIVER BETWEEN TYRONE AND MONAGHAN.

"The Ballagh Bridge, called Burns Bridge on the English maps," writes Mr. Raven Hill, "spans the Blackwater River, which divides Co. Tyrone from Co. Monaghan." His sketch, on which the above drawing is based, shows "inhabitants of the district asking the County Commandant to break down Burns Bridge if he could not protect them." The Commandant eventually consented, as he had not sufficient forces to protect the locality. Behind is his car, with a lorry containing armed Special Constables. On the right are seen the lines of the light railway from Caledon to Aughnacloy, which runs along this road. The scene is a point on the road nearly half a mile from the bridge within the Ulster border, and in the background is a tree which was cut down there by

raiders so as to fall across the road and block it. On the trunk is seen the notice which they posted bearing the words: "Any person found touching this Notice or blockade will be shot. By Order. God Save Ireland." The word "Ireland" was subsequently crossed out by Ulster loyalists and the words "the King" substituted. A sketch by Mr. Raven Hill of the amended notice, and another of the tree to which it was fixed, appear elsewhere in this number, along with a drawing of the bridge itself showing the damage done to it by the Ulster Specials in accordance with the request of the local farmers. In the above illustration two Specials are seen standing beside the fallen tree.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

PHOTOGRAPHS (PORTRAITS) BY SPORT AND GENERAL; (BOAT) BY C.N.



THE LIGHT BLUES AT PRACTICE: THE CREW CHOSEN TO REPRESENT CAMBRIDGE IN THE SEVENTY-THIRD BOAT RACE AGAINST OXFORD ON APRIL 1.



T. D. A. COLLET (OUNDLIE AND PEMBROKE)—BOW.



A. J. HODGKIN (LEIGHTON PARK AND FIRST TRINITY)—NO. 2.



K. N. CRAIG (CHELTENHAM AND PEMBROKE)—NO. 3.



*A. D. B. PEARSON (WINCHESTER AND FIRST TRINITY)—NO. 4.



*H. B. PLAYFORD (ST. PAUL'S AND JESUS)—NO. 5.



*P. H. G. H. S. HARTLEY (ETON AND LADY MARGARET)—STROKE.



B. G. IVORY (PRIVATE AND PEMBROKE)—NO. 6.



*THE HON. J. W. H. FREMANTLE (ETON AND THIRD TRINITY)—NO. 7.



*L. E. STEPHENS (FELSTED AND TRINITY HALL)—COX.

The 'Varsity Boat Race this year has been fixed to take place on Saturday, April 1, over the historic four-and-a-half-mile course from Putney to Mortlake, starting at 4.30 p.m. The day and hour being particularly convenient for Londoners, the number of spectators is likely to be very large. Last year, it may be recalled, Cambridge won by one length, and they also won the two

previous contests, in 1920 and 1914—during the war there was no race—after a series of five successive wins by Oxford, from 1909 to 1913 inclusive. This year's race is the seventy-third contest since the first one was rowed at Henley in 1829, when Oxford won easily. The annual event has taken place almost continuously since 1856. Hitherto, out of the total number of races, Oxford has won 38, and

Continued opposite.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE: THE OXFORD CREW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



*P. C. MALLAM (LANCING AND QUEEN'S)—
BOW.



A. V. CAMPBELL (ETON AND CHRIST CHURCH)—
STROKE.



A. C. IRVINE (SHREWSBURY AND MERTON)—
NO. 2.



*S. EARL (ETON AND MAGDALEN)—
NO. 3.



G. H. BARTER (MARLBOROUGH AND
EXETER)—NO. 4.



*G. O. NICKALLS (ETON AND
MAGDALEN)—NO. 5.



*D. T. RAIKES (RADLEY AND
MERTON)—NO. 6.



G. MILLING (RADLEY AND MERTON)—
NO. 7.



*W. H. PORRITT (WYGGESTON SCHOOL,
LEICESTER, AND MAGDALEN)—COX.



THE DARK BLUES AT PRACTICE: THE CREW CHOSEN TO REPRESENT OXFORD IN THE SEVENTY-THIRD BOAT RACE AGAINST CAMBRIDGE ON APRIL 1.

Continued.

Cambridge 33; while one—that of 1877—was a dead-heat. In 1912 the race was rowed twice owing to both boats sinking on the first occasion in exceptionally rough water. The record time—18 minutes 29 seconds—was made by Oxford in 1911. Each crew, it will be noted, contains five Old Blues (indicated above by an asterisk against the names). Mr. A. C. Irvine's place as No. 2 in the

Oxford boat was taken for a time by the spare man, Mr. J. E. Pedder (of Shrewsbury and Worcester), but Mr. Irvine afterwards resumed his place in the boat. We give the crews as finally selected a few days before the race, but it may be pointed out that there is always a possibility of changes having to be made at the last moment owing to unforeseen circumstances.



OF THE LATER PERIOD AT UR
(EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.): A POTTERY
COFFIN.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM EXCAVATIONS IN BABYLONIA, 1919.

BY H. R. HALL, D.LITT., F.S.A.

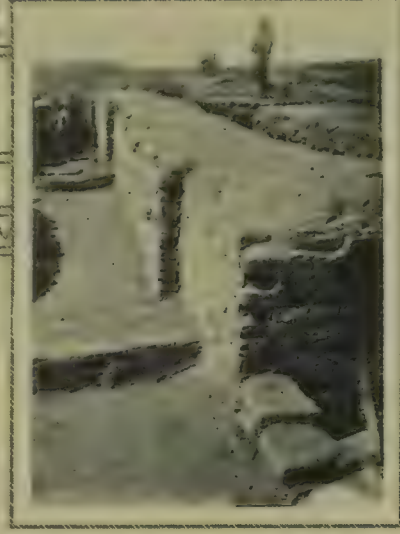
Deputy-Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum.

THERE are now exhibited in the Assyrian Galleries of the British Museum some of the results of the excavations at Tell el-Mukayyar (the ancient "Ur of the Chaldees"), Tell Abu Shahrein (the ancient Eridu), and Tell el-Obeid, in Southern Babylonia, carried on by me for the Trustees of the British Museum in 1919. My work began at Ur in February 1919, and the excavations went on until the end of May. At Ur itself the most important result was the excavation of the remains of a building of King Ur-Engur or Ur-Nammu, of the Third Dynasty of Ur, who reigned about 2300 B.C. This residence was named by its builder E-Kharsag, "the House of the Mountain" in Sumerian. It was built of great flat burnt bricks, fourteen inches square, and its walls were five feet thick, showing that the old Babylonians knew how to keep out both the summer heat and the winter cold of Babylonia. Close by were the crude brick walls of a temple, E-makh, which was sacred to the goddess Ninsun. In these buildings little was discovered that dated from the time of the builders. The "palace" was destroyed by fire, perhaps only a century or two after it was built, and traces of the conflagration were everywhere evident. Centuries later, about the eighth century B.C., the site was reoccupied by families of priests

"UR OF THE CHALDEES."



DATING FROM 2300 B.C.: THE FOUNDATION INSCRIPTION OF THE E-MAKH TEMPLE OF NINSUN AT UR.

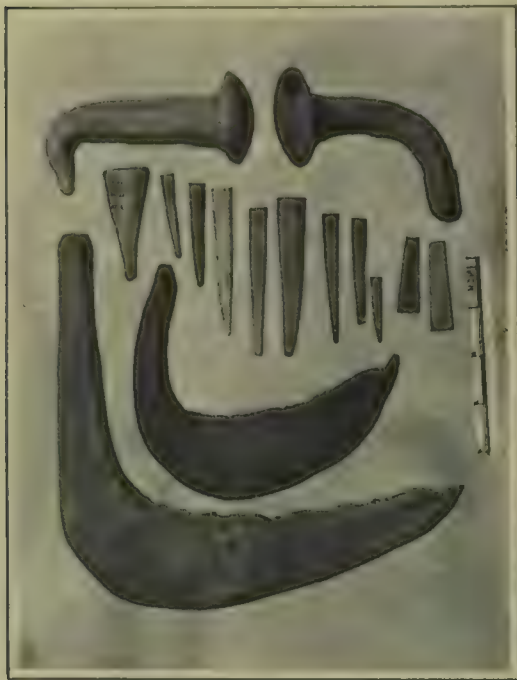


BUILT BY A KING OF UR IN 2300 B.C.:
E-KHARSAG, "THE HOUSE OF THE
MOUNTAIN."

the site of a small shrine of the goddess Damkina, built of burnt bricks of the most archaic shape—the "plano-convex" type, as it is called, which is characteristic of early Sumerian building (about 3000 B.C.). Heaped up near the wall of this building, where apparently they had been thrown by a later king who built a platform of his own bricks on the top of them, were remarkable remains of ancient Sumerian art—the rude foreparts and heads of four life-size copper lions, with eyes of red jasper, white shell, and blue schist, tongues of red jasper, and teeth of shell; two copper panther or cat heads, also life-size; a smaller lion-head; two small copper bulls, about the size of greyhounds; and a great copper relief, 8 ft. long by 3 ft. 6 in. high, with the figure of Imgig, the lion-headed vulture of the god Ningirsu, holding two stags by their tails. These are finds that are among the most important ever found in Babylonia; unhappily, their condition when found was extremely bad, and caused grave doubts whether it would ever be possible to transport them safely to England, where alone they could be given the expert treatment by chemists and metallurgists that might possibly save them for science and for our knowledge of ancient art. The metal was oxidized through and through, so that often little more than a green powder remained of what had originally been a work of copper. But luckily the old metal-workers—who apparently cast the heads of these beasts, though the bodies were hammered—



DATING FROM ABOUT 3000 B.C.: A POTTERY
ROSETTE, WITH PETALS OF RED, WHITE, AND
BLACK STONE, FROM TELL EL-OBEID.



PREHISTORIC POTTERY EARLIER THAN 3500 B.C.:
SICKLES AND OTHER OBJECTS FROM TELL
EL-OBEID. (NOTE 4-INCH SCALE.)

red, white, and black stripes. A section of the rough stone wall of the ancient city was laid bare, and collections made of the remarkably interesting debris that the winter-storms have washed out of the lower strata of the soft and easily divided tell on to the surrounding desert surface. Similar relics were also found at Tell el-Obeid—flint and chert and obsidian knives, flakes, and arrow-heads; celts of jasper and jadeite; mace-heads of rough limestone like those of archaic Egypt; fragments of aragonite vases, and small objects of lapis lazuli and shell; innumerable little copper nails, some with gold heads (one nail is of solid gold); sickles (possibly votive, possibly intended for actual use) of hard vitrified pottery; strange objects, of the same pottery, like bent nails and of unknown use; and, above all, numberless fragments of the remarkable painted pottery vases which recent research has shown to be typical of the ceramic art of this part of the world at the dawn of civilisation, when copper and stone were still used side by side, in the "Chalcolithic" or "Æneolithic" age, which in Babylonia we must date before 3500 B.C. The geometric and naturalistic and sometimes almost "jazz" patterns of this pottery are very remarkable.

The most important of all our discoveries was also made at el-Obeid. The little tell is apparently



"JAZZ" PATTERNS 5000 YEARS OLD: FRAGMENTS
OF PREHISTORIC DECORATED POTTERY FROM
TELL EL-OBEID (BEFORE 3500 B.C.).

of the moon-god, Sin, the deity of Ur, who erected buildings of their own with the old bricks, and left relics in the shape of inscribed tablets and other objects. Burials of this later period were found not far off, the dead being interred in pottery coffins beneath the houses of the living. They were, in accordance with the primitive custom that survived in Babylonia when it had long died out in Egypt, buried in a crouched or hunched-up position, lying on the left side. With them were simple ornaments, such as pins and beads of agate and carnelian, and pots to contain food and water for the dead.

At Shahrein, which lies fourteen miles out in the waterless desert ("out in the blue," as they say in "Mesopotamia"), ancient Sumerian houses were found with walls covered with lime-plaster, sometimes adorned with a simple painted decoration of horizontal



A GREAT BABYLONIAN "FIND" STARTING ON ITS JOURNEY TO ENGLAND:
REMOVING THE IMGIG RELIEF FROM TELL EL-OBEID.

thought it necessary to reinforce them with a filling of clay and bitumen, like the statue of Bel in the Apocrypha, that was "brass without and clay within." This has survived, so that we have the simulacra, so to speak, of the original heads. They are now exhibited in the British Museum, with the fragments of their copper "masks," if they can so be called. Luckily, the cat-heads have retained their copper covering almost intact; and the copper head of one of the stags has been put together, as an earnest of what it is hoped it may be possible to achieve in the case of the Imgig relief. In this case the heads of the stags are far better works of art than their bodies, which are very crudely executed. The heads of the bulls are among the finest works of Sumerian art known. The bodies of the beasts were made of copper plates rudely fastened with nails to a wooden core, or *âme*.

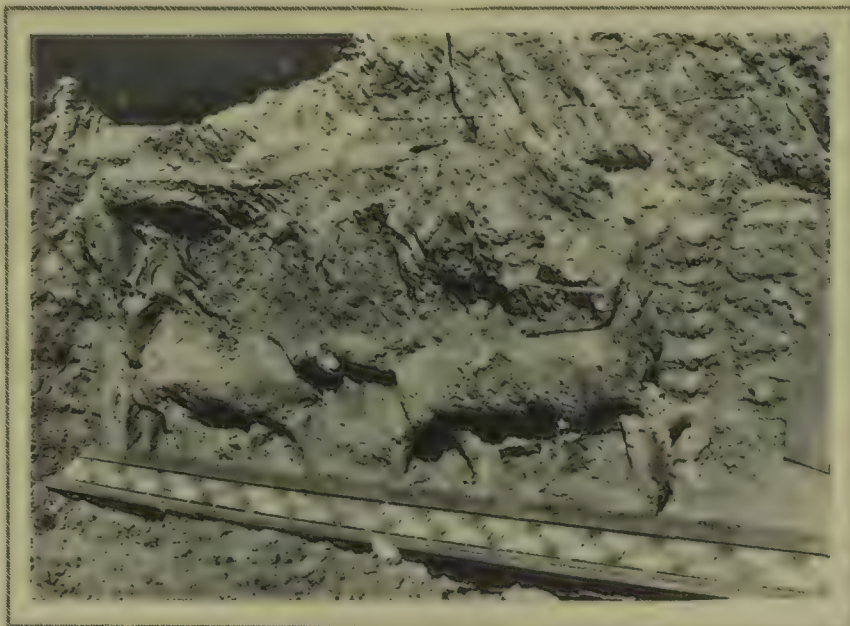
[Continued on page 405.]

NOT "FEET OF CLAY"—BUT HEADS: SUMERIAN METHODS OF SCULPTURE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. H. R. HALL, D.LITT., F.S.A. HEAD OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN BABYLONIA.



WITH REALISTIC ANTLERS: A COPPER STAG'S HEAD, RECONSTITUTED (3000 B.C.)



ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT "FINDS" EVER MADE IN BABYLONIA: PART OF THE IMGIG RELIEF AS FOUND AT TELL EL-OBEID



SUMERIAN ART AT ITS HEIGHT: A COPPER BULL'S HEAD (3000 B.C.)



"SHAVEN SKULL AND PROMINENT EYES AND NOSE": THE FIGURE OF KUR-LIL (3200 B.C.)



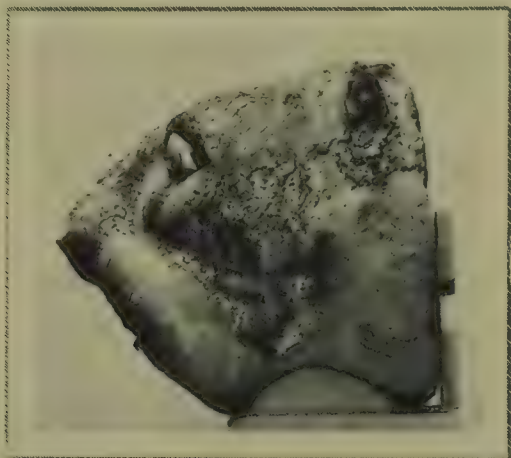
"BRASS WITHOUT AND CLAY WITHIN," LIKE BEL (APOCRYPHA): A PANTHER OR CAT HEAD



SHOWING THE CLAY CORE (LEFT) AND COPPER MASK (SIDE BY SIDE: THE SAME HEAD.



"A FINE EXAMPLE OF SUMERIAN ART ABOUT 3200 B.C.": KUR-LIL SEEN IN PROFILE.



OF BITUMEN WITH COPPER MASK: A LION'S HEAD FROM TELL EL-OBEID (3000 B.C.)



WROUGHT NEARLY 5000 YEARS AGO: A GOLDEN BULL'S HORN FROM TELL EL-OBEID (3000 B.C.)



"WITH EYES OF RED JASPER, WHITE SHELL, AND BLUE SCHIST": A COPPER LION HEAD.

One of the most interesting discoveries made during the British Museum excavations in Babylonia under Dr. H. R. Hall, who describes the results in his article on the opposite page, was the fact that the ancient Sumerian metal-workers of some 5000 years ago reinforced the heads of their animal figures with a filling of clay and bitumen under the mask of copper. Dr. Hall compares this to the statue of Bel in the Apocrypha, that was "brass without and clay within." We may recall also the "great image" of Nebuchadnezzar's dream in the Book of Daniel

(II. 31-35 and 41-43)—"This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay. Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. . . . And whereas thou sawest the feet and toes, part of potter's clay, and part of iron, the kingdom shall be divided; but there shall be in it of the strength of the iron, forasmuch as thou sawest the iron mixed with miry clay."



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By EDWARD J. DENT.



ELENA GERHARDT.

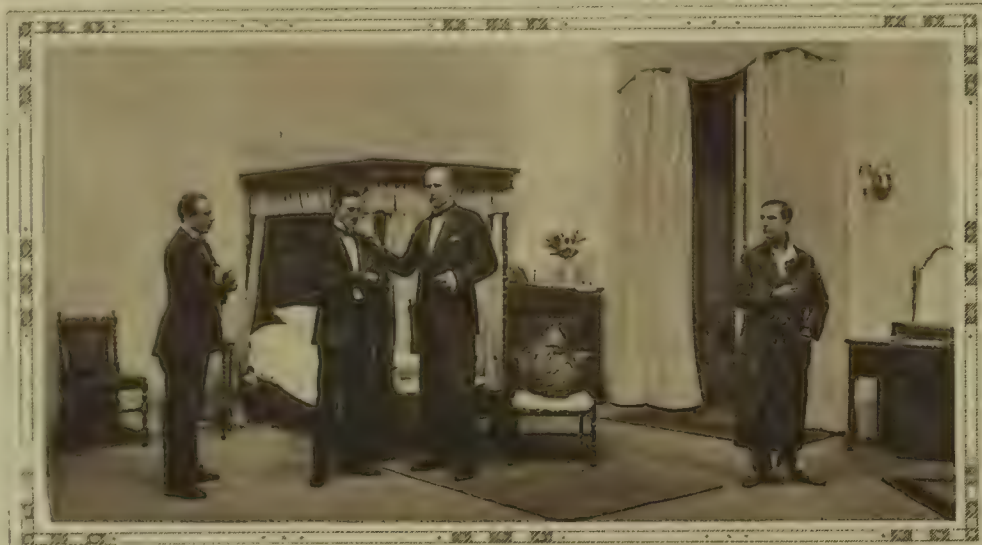
AFTER eight years, Elena Gerhardt has returned to London. She had been a close friend of Nikisch, and under his guidance had become the greatest living singer of classical German songs. She was gifted with a magnificent voice as well as with wonderful powers of interpretation. At the Queen's Hall the other night, it was her interpretations rather than her voice which held her audience. She began with Beethoven and Handel, uncertain perhaps—she need have had no fears on the subject—as to whether an English audience would have listened to Schubert and Brahms with the same enthusiasm as of old. The songs of Beethoven are not often sung. It is not as a song-writer that he has come down to posterity. For that reason he is a good test of a great singer. There are some songs that sing themselves; singers of merely average capacity can make their meaning clear. With Beethoven's that is not the case; they require a great personality to make an audience realise that it was a great mind which conceived them. There are many lessons which singers can learn from Elena Gerhardt; what every lover of singing can learn from her is the sense of greatness in singing. It is a lesson of which English musicians at this moment stand badly in need. We have many good singers of our own, and a few composers who write songs of real beauty, but it is the characteristic mark of English singers and song-writers that their work is all on a small scale. It has in its best examples a subtlety and delicacy, a distinguished intimacy of style which I would be the last to undervalue. But I have heard two criticisms on it which are significant. An English teacher of singing, himself a composer in just this very intimate and fine-spun manner, remarked that he could find no English songs on which to train pupils for the great style. And a German critic remarked on a programme of English songs that they were almost all in the *cabaret* style. It must be remembered that there is in Germany a definite movement towards making the *cabaret* an institution of high literary and artistic ideals. This critic did not mean that the English songs were vulgar or trivial; but to him they fell—as indeed they must have done—far short of the standard of greatness set by the masterpieces of Schubert, and that was the standard which he regarded as the right and proper one for the concert-room. Our singers and composers have lost the tradition of the great style. There are very few of our singers who would even attempt "Die Allmacht" or "Die Junge Nonne," and I doubt if any of them would do justice to them, although they may give very finished renderings of modern French and English songs.

It is easy to see how the change has come about. Thirty or forty years ago our leading musicians were trained in German schools to follow those very noble ideals which to us were represented mainly by Joachim and Clara Schumann. Singers who were then young introduced the English public to Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms. They concentrated all their energies on the spiritual side of interpretation; diction and declamation were what they put first, sometimes to the neglect of that pure singing which an older generation had loved not wisely but too well. The singers grew older, their voices became worn, but by diction and intellectual fervour they could still to some extent fascinate their hearers. Then came the movement towards French and Russian music. Debussy and Ravel demanded—at least from English singers—an even closer concentration on the art of speech. Simultaneously English composers were paying more and more detailed attention to the literary aspect of the words which they set. The result has been that the art of the modern English singer approximates very closely to the art of the *diseuse*, and the composers, attracted by the charm of their style, tried more and more to write songs for *diseuses* to sing. Germany still thinks that the proper place for the *diseuse* is the *cabaret*.



A WELL-KNOWN BRITISH COMPOSER:
MR. ARNOLD BAX.

Mr. Bax's work is not only appreciated in this country, but he is well known abroad; and some of his compositions were included in the programme of the Salzburg Musical Festival.
Photograph by Sydney J. Loeb.



CASTE LOYALTY IN "LOYALTIES," THE NEW GALSWORTHY PLAY AT THE ST. MARTIN'S:
(L. TO R.) MR. EDMOND BREON AS CHARLES WINSOR; MR. ERIC MATURIN AS CAPTAIN DANCY;
MR. DAWSON MILWARD AS GENERAL CANYNGE; AND MR. ERNEST MILTON AS FERDINAND DE LEVIS.
Captain Dancy is accused by a fellow guest, the Jew, Ferdinand De Levis, of having stolen £1000 from him. His host and the General, loyal to their *esprit de corps* cannot believe a man of their own caste guilty of such dishonour, although the General has doubts when, on placing his hand on Dancy's shoulder, he finds it to be damp. Other loyalties, including the slighted Jew's loyalty to his race, come to the test, and take part in the development of the plot.
Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.



A CELEBRATED HUNGARIAN COMPOSER: M. BÉLA
BARTÓK AND Mlle. JELLY D'ARANYI.

M. Béla Bartók gave an interesting recital of his own composition at the Aeolian Hall recently, at which he was assisted by Mlle. Jelly d'Aranyi and Miss Grace Crawford.—[Photograph by Sydney J. Loeb.]

Eight years ago I heard Elena Gerhardt, at the end of an entirely German recital, sing as an encore an old English song. She obviously intended thereby to express her thanks to her English audience. I regret to say that it was one of those songs which have been over-titivated by a modern editor to please a ballad-concert audience. Our popular favourites warble these quaint old ditties with a distressing affectation of archness. To Elena Gerhardt it was an aria of the eighteenth century, to be treated with the same respect as an aria of Handel or Scarlatti. She sang it with a grave dignity and beauty of phrasing that made her rather foreign pronunciation of English a thing of no moment.

Her English has become more fluent since her sojourn in America, but America has an evil influence on musicians which only a very great artist can withstand. To that influence must be ascribed two blots on her Queen's Hall programme—a paltry song by some American composer, and an equally paltry song by Erich Wolff, sung in an American translation, presumably because it pleased the less intelligent portion of an American audience. Both songs delighted the audience at the Queen's Hall. It was a bad sign. They were not the sort of songs that one would have expected to hear sung by the Elena Gerhardt of eight years ago. She was then one of the world's great artists. Is she content now to be merely one of America's popular favourites?

The question is a very serious one. Trivialities of this type are hopelessly incompatible with the great style, however cleverly they may be exhibited. The "Swallow" song of Brahms is light and airy, but it is not trivial or sentimental. It was sung with extraordinary charm and grace, because the singer had a perfect control of rhythm, of diction, and of vocal technique. But what we all rejoice to hear Elena Gerhardt sing, because she stands alone in her way of singing it, is such a song as Brahms' "Auf dem Kirchhofe." It is a song of broad phrases, and she is able to give us these phrases with an extraordinary sense of breadth because of her wonderful breath-control, her perfect *legato*—an accomplishment rare in German singers and peculiarly difficult in the German language—and the musical intelligence which can see the shape of a great phrase and present it in its right proportions. It was wonderful, too, to note the change of colour in the voice at the moment when the atmosphere of the poem changes from frost to thaw, from storm to quiet.

Now that Elena Gerhardt has brought back to us those classical German songs which we have missed for so long, I begin to wonder whether it will once more become the correct thing for English singers to sing whole programmes of songs in German. I hope not, for, although there is a certain small public that can appreciate songs in foreign languages, the fact remains that the larger public cannot enter into the spirit of a song unless it is in their own language.

The programme of Elena Gerhardt's recital was a dismal exhibition of conventional song-translations. I would remind any readers who would like to sing Schubert or Brahms in English, if only they need not feel ashamed of the words which translators put into their mouths, that Mr. Fox-Strangways has been collecting a number of excellent translations for these two composers. They are printed in his quarterly magazine, *Music and Letters*, and most of them are placed by him and by their authors at the free disposal of any singers who have the intelligence to use them. With such words as these, singers can approach classical songs in the right spirit. They are scholarly and dignified, and it is only when the words are worthy of the music that a singer can begin to conceive of a great song in that spirit of grandeur which Elena Gerhardt might teach our musicians to recover.

Born 1820——Still going Strong!

The "Angel," Henley-on-Thames. For several hundred years a familiar haunt of Thames boatmen and fishermen.

SHADE OF IZAAK WALTON: "Yes, Johnnie Walker, what I said about fishing equally applies to you. After tedious study a rest to the mind, a cheerer of spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

EVERYONE seemed to be sighing their relief from tension when the Prince of Wales left India. I hear that cares for his safety will not be relaxed during the remainder of his tour. After all, there are fanatics everywhere, and they, being crazy, are also cunning. However, we all look for the Prince's safe return about June 20, and from that time on to a brighter season. Up to then the outlook at present is poor. Lent has been a season of some entertaining, but on no such scale as usual. Next week their Majesties will almost certainly—if the King be quite well again—motor from Windsor to Hawthorne Hill for the Household Brigade Steeplechases. Again we shall miss the Prince, who rode and won last year; and Princess Mary, who will not be back in time from her honeymoon, every moment of which she seems to enjoy.

Those who were rather mystified about the dress regulations on the invitations to the Lord Chancellor and Lady Birkenhead's party at the House of Lords, had the matter cleared for them when they saw that the Duke of York was one of the guests. As a rule, it is "to have the honour of meeting a member of the Royal Family," and then dress regulations below. Why his Royal Highness's presence at the party was kept secret until the guests saw him there is still unexplained. It appears to have been a very brilliant affair, but, as a guest said afterwards, not exactly exhilarating. That is true of so many functions now; there seems, indeed, to be a pessimistic spirit of doubt abroad.

To turn to matters more of our own world, I went to a show of models recently. They carried out Mr. Justice McCardie's theory that men are successful designers, for these were all by a young Frenchman employed by a well-known English firm. There were about fifty of them displayed by mannequins. The points about them were their variety, originality, elegance, and beauty. Those for day wear appeared to be mostly black, or very dark blue, with effective embroidery in colour. The loose hanging sleeves added much to their grace. One dress in black georgette had sleeves quite tight to the elbow and wrist. They were, however, slashed from one of these points to the other with purely white accordion-pleated gauze outlined on either side with cut steel buttons. They were charming sleeves, simple and graceful, and very smart. I noticed that dance frocks, of which there were many, had a light, airy, feathery

some of the evening gowns, suitable for full dress occasions, by broad bands of diamanté trimming over the shoulders and falling to the hem. The dresses were mostly silver or white. There is a great feeling for metallic frocks, but as a rule dull of surface, so that these long bands looked remarkably well. Some of the newest fabrics were cleverly used by this young designer, especially a crinkled silver one that, combined with silver lace, dull but rich, was exquisite. There was a remarkably smart travelling cloak and skirt made in a black-and-white large check cloth, into which was fitted a deep border to the cloak, forming a kind of pointed back, cuffs and revers of butter-coloured cloth. For tennis or Henley, there were the neatest of white serge coats and skirts. One had the coat bound with grass-green, and there was a long-waisted waistcoat of many colours woven in silk and metal. The hat was a little close pull-on one of bright green knitted silk, trimmed with flowers in silk, repeating the colours of the waistcoat.



A PAIR OF FASCINATING GARTERS. Even the most utilitarian articles can be made to look lovely if they come from a shop of the standing of Marshall and Snelgrove. What could be prettier than these garters in pale-yellow ribbon?

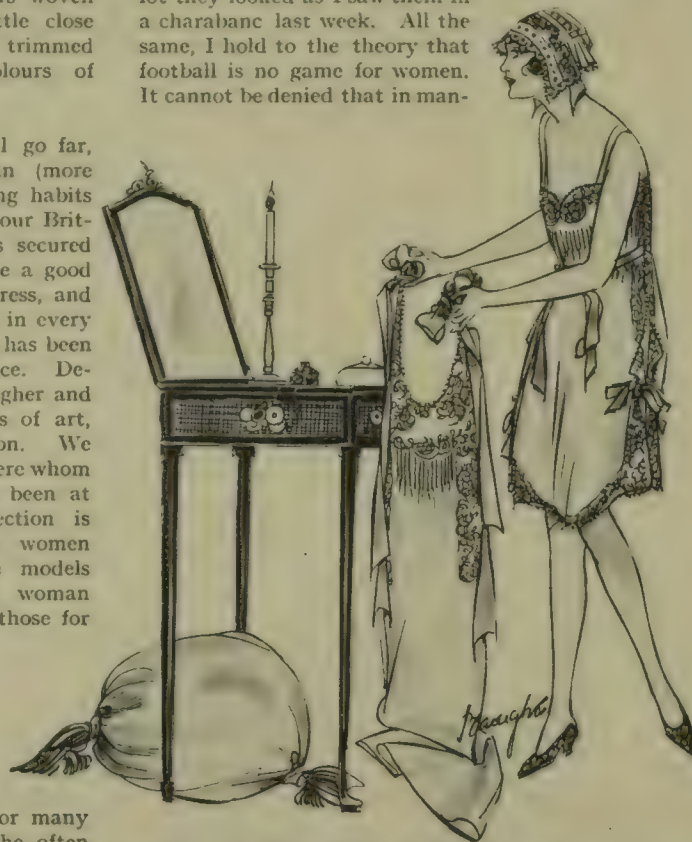
pains to secure. Talent in this direction is largely due to an insight into what women will look their best in. Among these models was not one which the most refined woman would hesitate to wear. To several of those for evening wear she would, doubtless, add something to some of the bodices.

There were several Russian notabilities at the funeral last week at Cannes of the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia. She will be greatly missed at Cannes, where she has lived for many years. An enthusiast for lawn tennis, she often played with one of the Doherty brothers when they were at their prime. The widow of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, she resigned that title at the beginning of the war, and lived in the South of France. Born in 1860, she belonged to the Orthodox Greek Church. Her son, who married a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, niece of Queen Alexandra, abdicated on Nov. 14, 1918. The late Grand Duchess's two daughters are the Queen of Denmark and the wife of the youth who was Crown Prince of Prussia. The Grand Duchess died after quite a short illness. She was sorely tried by the war.

The party at Londonderry House last week was a very brilliant affair. Although it was a political reception, it went very well. Lady Londonderry looked picturesque and brilliant in jetted tulle and wearing some of the wonderful Londonderry diamonds, including a high tiara, long ear-rings, and necklaces, also a corsage ornament. Lord Londonderry wore the ribbon of the Garter, and looked, as he always does, like an earlier Georgian aristocrat. Pretty, dainty little Lady Maureen Stanley wore grey ciré lace and a dull-blue em-

course; well represented, and just now Ulster is very sorry for itself; so there were a good many indignant remarks bandied about. The Duchess of Abercorn came with Lord and Lady Carson, and looked very distinguished in black with diamonds. The Duchess of Somerset, also in black, was there, and the Duchess of Sutherland. Their Dukes were dutifully in attendance, save his Grace of Abercorn, who is in South Africa. He has his youngest daughter, Lady Katharine Hamilton, with him. I think they were nowhere near the rebellion.

There is one good thing to be said for women footballers: they have raised a large sum of money for good causes. We have the French women players here now. A very hefty, high-spirited lot they looked as I saw them in a charabanc last week. All the same, I hold to the theory that football is no game for women. It cannot be denied that in man-



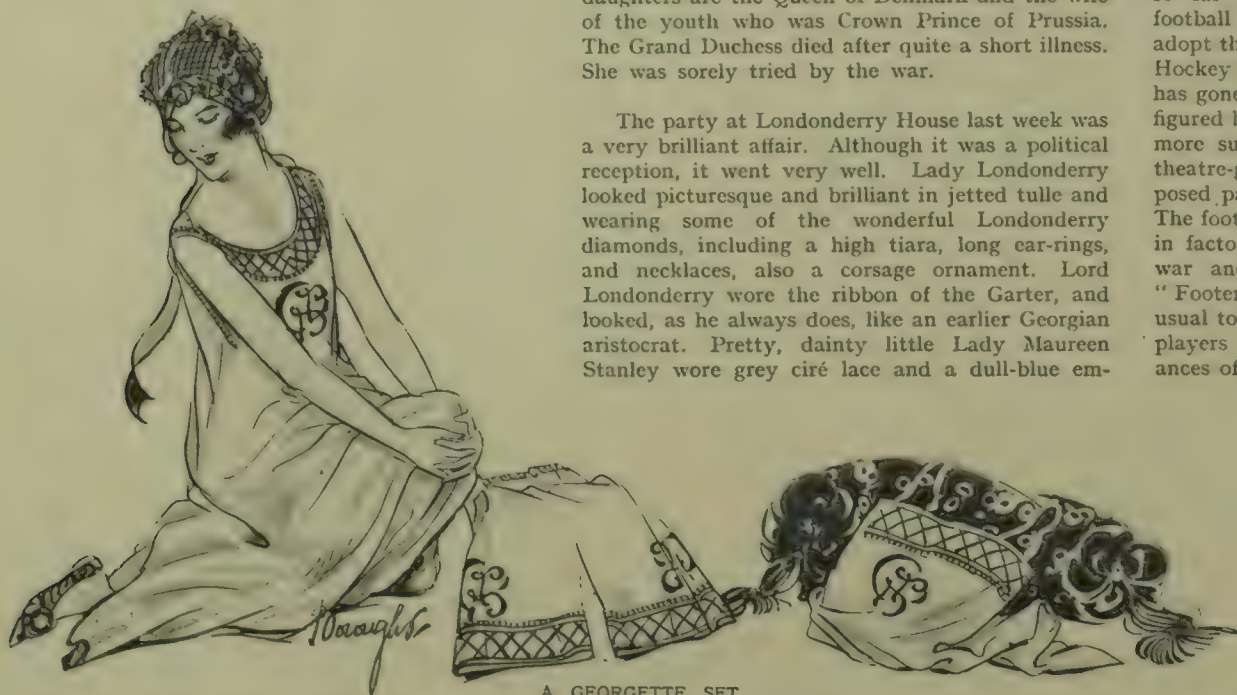
THE LURE OF CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

Flesh-colour is a most becoming colour when used for undies. Both night-dress and cami-knickers are made in that shade of crêpe-de-Chine, and trimmed with lace. The boudoir cap is made of Valenciennes lace and ribbon, which give it a quaint Dutch effect. All the garments come from Marshall and Snelgrove's.

ners and modes of life a large percentage of the girls of to-day are more boyish than boys. They are like nice, wholesome, clean, merry boys, and so far show no more disposition to take up football as a game for women generally than to adopt the Navy, Army, or Air Force as professions. Hockey as played by mixed teams of men and girls has gone out of fashion, because the girls were disfigured by bruises, and had to forgo pleasanter and more suitable amusements, such as dancing and theatre-going, until their eyes, arms, or other exposed parts of their persons were less discoloured. The footballers of our sex are of the class who work in factories, and who found their feet during the war and now desire to use them in kicking. "Footer" is the people's game. It is quite as usual to hear girls discuss the points of well-known players as to hear others discussing the performances of racehorses. It is all right so long as girls keep vicariously to these interests, but no one who admires them likes to see them mixed up in football scrimmages or to see them when they emerge therefrom.

Sleeves will be a great feature of dress in the coming months. They are sometimes quite odd to look at, but are lovely when the arm is in them. They fall to either side of the forearm, and are, as a rule, finished with embroidery. It is a fashion much in favour with British women, whose arms are, as a rule, lovely from hand to elbow. Sometimes the upper arm is not so slightly; it is, perhaps, no longer white, no longer slender. The forearm is, however, usually shapely and white, and the new sleeve will conduce to the wearing of bracelets.

A. E. L.



A GEORGETTE SET.

Flame-colour in hue, this set is adorned with black Chinese embroidery. It can also be had in a variety of other shades. The boudoir cap is of black net and vieux rose gros-grain ribbon. All come from Marshall and Snelgrove's.

look about them, and that one or two were wired slightly out at the hips, making the silhouette narrow and flat, which, of course, looks very well when dancing. Excellent effect was gained in

broidered sash. I hear that Lady Londonderry's baby girl, not yet a year old, is a most fascinating baby. She is aunt to Lady Maureen's little boy, who is very nearly the same age. Ulster was, of

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**SHARP'S
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MYSTERIOUS VAGRANTS.

THE most interesting and the most wonderful manifestations of life are commonly hidden from our eyes, because they are staring us in the face. Most people, at some time or another, enter



THE QUEEN CUTS A RIBBON AT THE ENTRANCE TO WATERLOO: HER MAJESTY AT THE "VICTORY" MEMORIAL ARCH DECLARING THE NEW STATION OPEN.—[Photograph by C.N.]

a greenhouse, if only to admire some beautiful plant too fragile to hold its own in the world outside. The pot which contains the soil in which the plant is growing may be, as pots in greenhouses commonly are, encrusted with a delicate green velvety skin. But the fact, at most, attracts no more than passing attention, and may not be seen at all. Yet it represents a most wonderfully interesting aspect of the lower phases of plant life. The botanist will tell you that it is one of the "Alga"—one of the lowliest of the forerunners of the cherished ornaments of the greenhouse and garden. Place a scrap of it under the microscope, and you will find it is made up of a mass of delicate threads, of which much might be written.

The showy flowering plant in our imaginary flower-pot grew up under the anxious eye of the gardener. Not so the green skin on the outside of the pot. It is highly improbable that the gardener could tell how it got there; he would probably wish that it hadn't. It would not be easy, indeed, for the wisest of us to say exactly how it gained admission within these sheltered precincts. All that could be said would be that, like innumerable other forms of microscopic life, it is capable of spreading and holding its own under very diverse, and often adverse, conditions. No imposing migratory movements transport it from one habitat to another. But it effects such changes by means of "spores," which, owing to their excessive smallness and their ability to survive desiccation, can be carried about in the air, or on the feet and bodies of birds and other creatures which haunt the waters forming the ordinary habitat of the parent plant. This being so, it is not surprising that such simple organisms occur sporadically, and sometimes in quite unexpected places.

A case in point has just been brought to the notice of the learned members of the Linnean Society of London. This was furnished by an Alga known as *Brachionomas*, which appeared last year in abundance in rain-water pools in an empty lake in the grounds of Regent's Park College. Little enough is known of this humble plant. For it had previously only been recorded from brackish water at Sheerness, Stockholm, and the Black Sea! How did *Brachionomas* find its way into Regent's Park?

Equally puzzling are the sporadic appearances of organisms much higher in the scale of life. A small, shrimp-like crustacean, for example, known as *Apus*, turns up, at intervals of several years, in such unlikely places as rain-pools. Now, *Apus* is a crustacean of an inch and a half or so in length: so that its transportation can only be effected by means of eggs. It is supposed that such eggs are occasionally caught up in the mud adhering to the feet of birds which have been running about on the edges of pools. And they are set free again when the bird next alights on the edge of

some similar pool hundreds, or even thousands, of miles away.

That birds can, and do, transport living bodies was shown, long years ago, by Darwin. It has recently been suggested that the germs of foot-and-mouth disease are taken from one centre of infection to another by birds. But we have absolutely no evidence of this. The Ministry of Agriculture might well put the theory to the test, by confining a few birds in an enclosure with cattle suffering from this malady, and then making "cultures" from their feathers, feet and excrement. Flies, we know, are common disseminators of disease.

If a few small birds were confined for a few days in an enclosed space where *Brachionomas* was growing, and were then transferred to an area suitable for the growth of *Brachionomas*, we might find that the new area presently developed a new centre of growth for this rare Alga.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



CARRYING A BOUQUET OF RED ROSES PRESENTED BY MISS DRUMMOND: THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE NEW WATERLOO STATION WHICH SHE HAD JUST OPENED, IN THE ABSENCE OF THE KING.

The King was prevented by indisposition from opening the new station at Waterloo, as arranged, and the ceremony was performed by the Queen on March 21. Her Majesty was received by Brigadier-General H. W. Drummond, Chairman of the L. and S.W.R., Sir William Portal, Deputy-Chairman, and Sir Herbert Walker, General Manager. At the "Victory" arch, in York Road, erected as a memorial to the Company's employees who fell in the war, the Queen cut a broad blue ribbon stretched across the entrance, and declared the new station open. She then made a tour of inspection through the building, amid the cheers of a large crowd.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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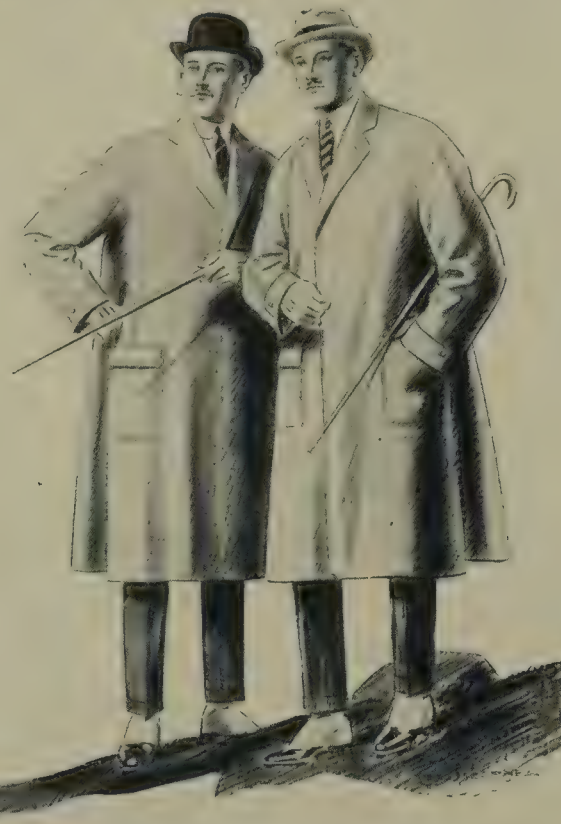


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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES," AT THE GARRICK.

FARCE is Mr. Seymour Hicks's strong point. He has pace, glibness, audacity, the mercurial temperament; as the man in a hurry, the gay dog, the agreeable rattle, he has scarcely a rival on our stage. In all those scenes, therefore, of his adaptation from the French, "The Man in Dress Clothes," which he can play prestissimo, he carries his Garrick audience by storm. Even he has given us nothing droller than his acting and pantomime in the episode at the restaurant, where his starving and penniless Count has to see dish after dish pass unsampled under his nose, and finally

wolfs a plate of radishes. But there are other scenes in this play save those of farce—scenes of sentiment, as well as longish monologues which call for a Sacha Guitry's resourcefulness; these Mr. Hicks, apparently to secure a contrast to his lightning-quick moments of fun, handles slowly, leisurely—far too leisurely. His Count, you see, though he is reduced to beggary, is too proud, too chivalrous to ask back from his wife the fortune he has settled on her, or even to tell her the truth, when she calmly proposes that he shall arrange for a divorce. Here is where the sentiment comes in, for the Count loves his wife. There is eloquence enough in the actor's protestations of feeling on behalf of the husband, but it is too long drawn out. In the lighter moments of the part, however, Mr.

Hicks achieves a triumph of personality; and Miss Barbara Hoffs, Mr. Stanley Logan, and Miss Joan Vivian Rees supply excellent support.

"THE SILVER BOX" AT THE COURT.

If only because it was the work with which Mr. Galsworthy first conquered fame in the playhouse, everyone interested in modern theatrical history will want to renew acquaintance at the Court with that moving plea for the underdog, "The Silver Box."

But it is something more than a historical curiosity; it is still a live bit of drama, though as we watch it to-day we are not quite so sure of the impartiality of the playwright's treatment in respect of his criminals, rich and poor, as we perhaps were in Vedrenne and Barker

days. Even your realist may have his bias, especially if he is bitten by the gaddy of humanitarianism; and though Mr. Galsworthy still convinces us, while the curtain is up, of the fate he deals out to his sharply drawn characters, after-thoughts bring somewhat more misgiving than formerly. But the types are genuine



RAMMED AND SUNK WITH ALL HANDS WHILE MANŒUVRING WITH THE DESTROYER FLOTILLA OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET OFF GIBRALTAR: SUBMARINE "H 42."

Submarine "H 42" was accidentally rammed by a destroyer during exercises off Europa Point, Gibraltar, on March 24, and was sunk with all hands. They included Lieutenant Douglas C. Seely, D.S.C. (in command), Lieutenant C. W. Price, D.S.C., Lieutenant T. M. Oswell, and twenty-three men. An official message said: "Submarine 'H 42' came to the surface 30 to 40 yards ahead of 'Versatile,' which was steaming 20 knots and rammed submarine just abaft conning tower at right angles." The "H" boats are 171 ft. long (over all), with a beam of 15½ ft., and an under-water displacement of 500 tons. They carry four 21-in. torpedo tubes.—[Photograph by Topical.]



AS IN THE ILL-FATED "H 42," SUNK OFF GIBRALTAR: THE WARD-ROOM IN A BRITISH SUBMARINE OF THE "H" TYPE, WITH A MASCOT DOLL ON THE TABLE.—[Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.]

enough, even though the assembling of them may have been somewhat arbitrary; we were not wrong about that, any more than about the surprising maturity of Mr. Galsworthy's craftsmanship. The best acting performances in the revival come from Mr. Arthur Whitby, a trifle farcical, perhaps, as the father; Miss Louise Hampton, most affecting as the charwoman; and Miss Auriol Lee.

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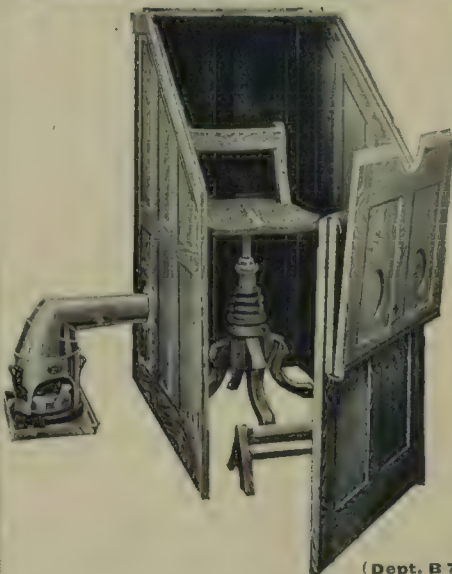
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By kind permission of the High Commissioner oranges from the Estates have been exhibited at the Union Government Offices, Trafalgar Square, W.C.; also at the Royal Agricultural Show, Derby.

Reference, National Bank of South Africa, Ltd. Full particulars, plans, etc., from Dept. 54, South African Prudential, Ltd., 79 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

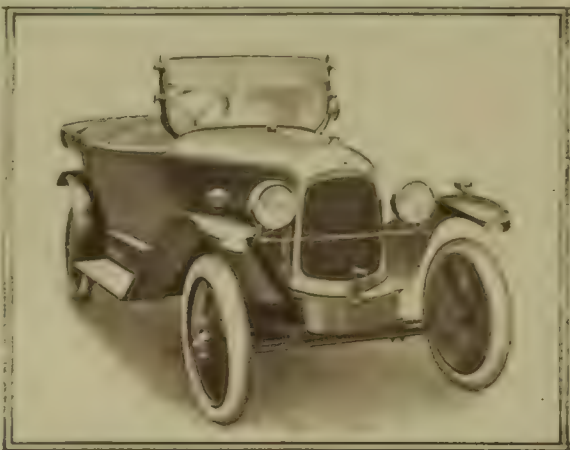
Motor Taxation
Referendum.

In connection with its efforts to secure a more equitable system of taxation, the Automobile Association is sending a Questionnaire to all owners of private motor-cars or motor-cycles throughout the country. The Association contends that the experience of 1921 has forcibly demonstrated the unreasonableness and grave anomalies of the system which became operative last year, and is urging the Government to remedy this at the earliest date by introducing a method of taxation graduating the individual tax in proportion to the extent to which the vehicle uses the road. The object of the Questionnaire is to obtain from every motorist the results of his practical experience on the road during 1921—e.g., his total annual mileage, average fuel consumption, amount of tax paid, extent to which car or motor-cycle was laid up, any difficulties in obtaining registration book or license, whether or not the present system should be superseded by a petrol tax, etc. All this information will be collated at the Association's head offices and utilised in the representations which it is making to Parliament. Every member of the Automobile Association will receive a copy of the Questionnaire through the post, but all other owners of private motor-cars and motor-cycles who are willing to assist by filling up a form are requested kindly to send a postcard to the Secretary, Automobile Association, 66, Whitcomb Street, W.C.2.

A French
Reliability Trial.

The wonderful reliability of the modern car was demonstrated in the recent 646-mile sealed-bonnet competition from Paris to Nice, organised by the Automobile Club of Nice. Competitors in this event had practically every component of their cars sealed, including even the bonnet, making it necessary to cover the whole of the distance to Nice without any adjustments other than to fill up with petrol and oil. The stages were Lyons, Marseilles, and Nice, with a day's halt at both of the first-named towns, during which the cars were kept under official control. Of the sixteen starters, comprising all types of cars, one fell out on

the first stage, another met with an accident on the last stage, two others had to break their seals and were penalised, and twelve checked in at Nice with



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ONE OF THREE SUCCESSFUL IN THE RECENT PARIS-NICE TRIALS: A 10-15-H.P. FIAT—NOTE TEMPORARY TANK-CAP PROTRUDING THROUGH SEALED BONNET.

perfect scores. The successful machines comprised a team of no fewer than three 10-h.p. standard four-passenger Fiats (driven respectively by Rouillard,

Bradley, and Mouzin), a Vermorel, a De Dion-Bouton, an Itala, a Cadillac, two Voisons, a Peugeot, and a Lancia.

The Coming-of-Age of Wolseley.

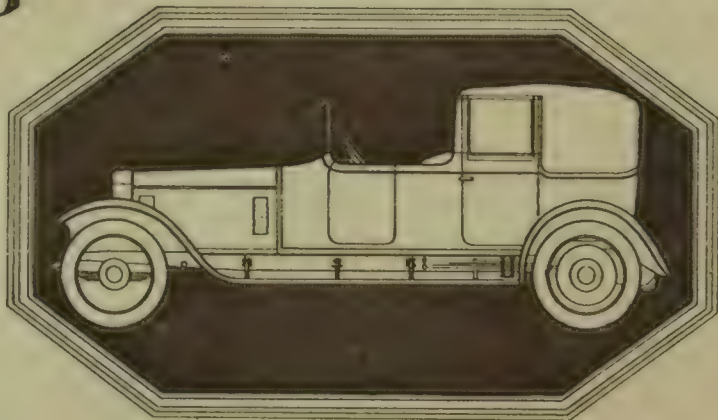
Few motor-cars have so long and interesting a history as the Wolseley. Their story is in many ways synonymous with that of British motoring, and the fact that the Wolseley Company has just celebrated its twenty-first birthday marks a real motoring anniversary. When, in February 1901, the great Vickers firm founded a separate branch, under the title of the Wolseley Tool and Motor-Car Co., Ltd., to manufacture Wolseley cars, they very wisely entered an industry which ultimately showed tremendous growth during the ensuing years. In those early days much courage was required to embark at all in the infant industry, hampered as it was on every side by prejudice and legal restriction. But, although the original factory at Adderley Park was comparatively small, if measured by present-day standards, its founders were possessed of unbounded enthusiasm, and have played a leading part in the developments which have placed the British motor industry in the front rank of the world's trade.

Wolseley experience, of course, goes much farther back than 1901, for the first Wolseley car was built in 1895; whilst in 1900, in the historic R.A.C. 1000-Miles Reliability Trial, a Wolseley carried off the first prize in the Voiturette class—a very early indication of the part the Wolseley was to play in motoring development. During its earlier years, when it was necessary to arouse interest and dispel prejudice, the new company played a somewhat prominent part in races and competitions, winning many successes, including the Ajakham Challenge Cup in the Poona Reliability Trials in India in 1905. But, as the demand for cars increased, it was realised that what the public wanted, first and foremost, was a vehicle that should be thoroughly reliable, and to this particular point the company began to give its undivided attention. Their solution of the problem was immediate and complete, and Wolseleys rapidly attained a reputation for reliability which has proved their greatest passport to popularity.

[Continued overleaf.]

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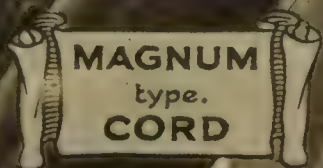
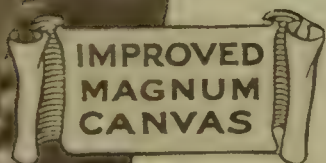
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TRADE MARK

(Continued.)

The part the Wolseley Company played in the war is too well known to need recapitulation; but it may be noted that its achievements in aero-engines, and in the production of certain delicate and important naval mechanism, had their due effect on the design of the present-day Wolseley cars. After the war, it was realised that new conditions had arisen, necessitating a still further advance in motor design. Owing to the rise in values, the production of high-grade cars at a moderate cost could only be achieved by scientific organisation on a large scale. It was also necessary to produce a more economical vehicle, of which the running costs should be reduced to a minimum. Three entirely new models were introduced to cover the entire motoring field, from 10-h.p. upwards, and this range was afterwards completed by the introduction of a small 7-h.p. These new cars were carefully and scientifically designed and manufactured so as to produce vehicles of remarkable efficiency, giving a phenomenal road performance with a low running cost. The works at Adderley Park were remodelled and extended, and a large new factory was acquired at Ward End, giving a total factory space of nearly 100 acres. The new policy met with an entire and

Scottish Trial Entries.

now coming in, and a first list of entrants will be issued shortly, to be on which intending competitors should send in their entries at once. These should be made, of course, to Mr. R. J. Smith, 163, West George Street, Glasgow, the closing date at ordinary fees being April 6, unless the number of entries is such as to make it advisable to close the list at an earlier date.

The Scottish Trial Route.

taken in the route likely to be adopted by the Royal Scottish Automobile Club for this light car trial, but the discussion is somewhat fruitless, as the course

Entries for the Scottish Light Car Trial, promoted by the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, are

is being kept absolutely secret. Intelligent anticipation is likewise useless, as the Club, while having their old and familiar routes, have any number of alternative sections introducing gradients of even greater severity than have been used before. There are any number of severe roads in the Highlands, and some of the local Scottish clubs are introducing entirely new roads and hills into their reliability events this season. Any forecast of the likely route is therefore impossible.

Allowances for Tyre Troubles in the Scottish Trial.

How stops for tyre troubles are to be dealt with in the Scottish Light Car Trial is fully explained in paragraphs 58, 59, and 60 of the rules and conditions issued in connection with it. It is a matter, however, that also interests the general public, so that it may be explained that the Royal Scottish Automobile Club have made every effort

to prevent bad luck with tyres affecting an otherwise good performance. At the same time, it would not be fair to disregard tyre failure altogether, as such



ON THE ROAD TO STONELEIGH DEER PARK, WARWICKSHIRE: A 12-H.P. ROVER AT STANTON.

failure may be occasioned by the design of the car, by under-tyring, or by the choice of unsuitable covers or tubes. Under these circumstances, a very fair compromise has been effected, so that, while all stops for tyre troubles, their cause, and the time taken will be recorded, they will not cause any loss of marks until a total of sixty minutes has been so lost. When the stops aggregate an hour, subsequent stops will entail a loss of one mark for every five minutes or part thereof.

Motor-Car Taxation.

A short time ago the R.A.C. appointed a special sub-committee to consider the whole question of motor-car taxation. This committee has explored the matter thoroughly, and, after consultation with other representative bodies, has drawn a report containing a number of important recommendations forming the basis of representations that are now being made to the Ministry of Transport.

While the recommendations include some modifications in the incidence of taxation on the present basis, the R.A.C. still maintains that the present method of taxation is inequitable, and urges the reconsideration of the whole question with special reference to the possibility of the re-introduction of a tax on fuel.

W. W.



INDICATING THAT CONDITIONS IN THE MOTOR-CAR INDUSTRY ARE ON THE MEND: PART OF THE SUNBEAM COMPANY'S LARGE ERECTING-SHOPS AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

The chassis shown in course of erection are of various types, from the new 14-h.p. to the well-known six-cylinder 24-60-h.p.

immediate success, and the production of Wolseley cars during the past two years has totally eclipsed everything formerly accomplished by the company.

a matter, however, that also interests the general public, so that it may be explained that the Royal Scottish Automobile Club have made every effort



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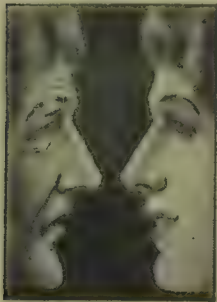
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Nothing even remotely resembling this new Japanese method has ever been heard of in this country before. That is the only reason why so many women now have wrinkles and still consider them incurable. I want one thousand ladies in this country to remove their wrinkles by this method and agree to recommend it to their friends AFTER it has done all I claim. This is frankly an advertising offer, but the names and addresses will be treated as strictly confidential and not used in any way. I prefer applicants to be from forty to seventy years of age, and the more wrinkled their faces are the more pleased I shall be to make them look ten to thirty years younger.



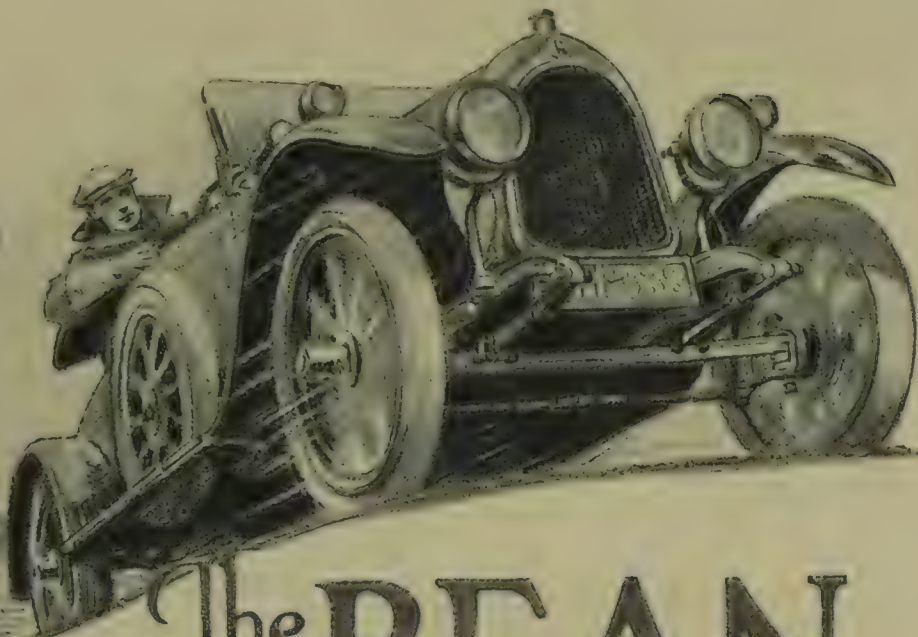
Remember I am not asking some ridiculously exorbitant price to try this method, nor do I charge you for any "instructions." I bind no one to secrecy and do not claim ability to remove wrinkles by means of any sort of "flesh food," face powder, plasters, lotions, or pastes, prescriptions, medicines, steaming, bandages, masks, electricity, exercises, massage, apparatus, or any mechanical appliances whatsoever. In fact, I have no toilet articles of any kind to sell you for removing wrinkles, and I do not recommend any complicated "treatment" or "system," either duplex, triplex, or any other sort of "plex."

I guarantee to hold this offer open to all applicants for one month from the time this announcement appears. SEND NO MONEY, but, if convenient, three penny stamps may be enclosed for my posting expenses. There is no obligation of any kind. Merely address Mme. Y. Miyako (Dept. 106.A), 28, St. George's House, Regent Street, London, W.1, and your letter will receive prompt attention, under plain, sealed cover. I agree to return even your postage in full if you are not surprised, astonished, and delighted by what I send you.

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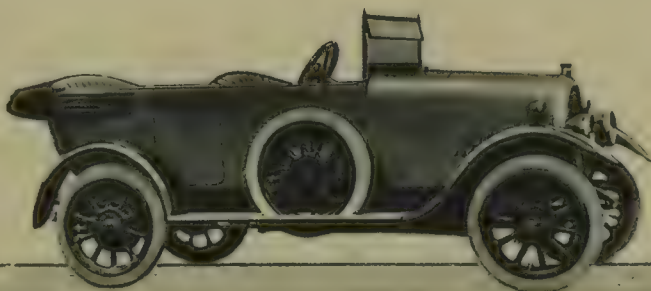
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THE HOUSEBREAKER AND CITY CHURCHES.*

THE iconoclast has said that, of the nineteen City of London churches threatened with demolition by the picks of the housebreaker, none is of outstanding historic or architectural merit. In a measure that is true. All were built, or almost entirely rebuilt, after the Great Fire; but all have their associations and their memories.

For example, St. Dunstan's in the West, akin to the Boston Stump in design, keeps, over the doorway into the schools, the statue of Queen Elizabeth which stood on the old Lud Gate.

St. Michael, Paternoster Royal, recalls that Sir Richard Whittington was thrice buried in the church of his building—once by his executors; a second time by the parson attached, who had caused his tomb to be broken into with the idea of securing the riches supposed to have been laid with his remains; and, finally, in the reign of Queen Mary, when the parishioners were forced to disinter him, "lap him in lead," and reinter him.

St. Magnus, London Bridge, was the costliest of Wren's churches, with a bill of £9579 19s. 10d.

St. Mary-at-Hill has in its history the tale of Alice Hackney, wife of a Sheriff of London, whose body, dug up after 170 years, was found "whole in all its parts as if just dead, the joints of the arm being pliable and the skin in no way discoloured."

St. Dunstan in the East has a tower which proved its strength in 1703, on Nov. 27, when it remained standing after a terrific storm which caused the death of twenty-one persons, killed by falling chimneys, and did damage estimated even in those days at a million pounds.

St. Katherine Coleman's double name is from the saint tortured on the wheel and from the owner of a yard adjoining the building.

St. Botolph, Aldgate, because of its nearness to the Tower, gave burial place to traitors, including Sir Nicholas Carew and Sir Thomas Darcy.

St. Michael, Cornhill, destroyed in the Fire, was rebuilt with commendable haste. On Sept. 17, 1666, when the ruins could scarce have cooled, a vestry meeting made plans, and arranged to set up a temporary place of worship.

St. Clement, Eastcheap, was once almost opposite

* "The Churches of the City of London." By Herbert Reynolds, With 54 Original Drawings of the Towers and Steeples. (John Lane. The Bodley Head; 6s. net.)

the Boar's Head, which sheltered Falstaff, his companions, and Dame Quickly, making merry.

All Hallows, Lombard Street, is the Hidden Church: almost invisible amongst the buildings about it.

St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, suggests a

pence a day! All Hallows, London Wall, was originally upon London Wall, part of which is now in the churchyard, and its vestry is on the remains of a Roman bastion.

St. Alban, Wood Street, boasts the brass frame of an old pulpit hour-glass. "These hour-glasses were made use of by preachers in the days of Cromwell, as on their getting up into the pulpit and naming the text they turned up the glass; and if the sermon did not last until the glass was out it was said by the congregation that the preacher was lazy."

St. Mary - the - Virgin, Aldermanbury, had its windows shattered by the first Zeppelin raid over the City, on the night of Sept. 8, 1915.

St. Stephen, Coleman Street, succeeded an edifice which was originally a synagogue, and did not become a church until the fifteenth century. Its parishioners claim a right, granted in the days of Queen Elizabeth, to elect their Vicar.

St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, Knight-rider Street, was founded before 1291. The modern structure has been dubbed "unhandsomely antique."

St. Vedast, Foster Lane, was probably the last of the thirty-four churches built by Wren.

St. Anne and St. Agnes, Gresham Street, has a record which includes a curious altercation which arose on Aug. 8, 1641, between a reformed Jesuit and a button-maker as to which of them should preach first, the minister being absent.

St. Botolph, Aldersgate, watches over the Postman's Park.

Thus our artist-author on some of his subjects, in matter designed as "captions" for his drawings rather than full descriptions. He has details at least as interesting about the other—and unthreatened—churches. And in that connection it may be noted that he deals with fifty-six foundations, a tribute to the piety of the City of olden days!

In addition, he gives a list of those of the eighty-six churches destroyed by the Great Fire which were not rebuilt and the churches to which they were united; and another of the churches rebuilt by Wren and since demolished—eighteen in all, with two of them (St. Mary Somerset, Upper Thames Street, and St. Olave, Jewry) still represented by their towers.

Messrs. Wrights' have introduced a new line in their Coal Tar Shaving Soap, which sells at 1s. per stick. It is a wonderfully good soap, producing a rich, creamy lather, and possesses antiseptic qualities.



THE HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS WAR MEMORIAL: THE UNVEILING BY THE EARL OF CAVAN.

The fine memorial to the men of Hastings and St. Leonards who fell in the war was unveiled by the Earl of Cavan, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and dedicated by the Bishop of Chichester. The monument stands in Alexandra Park at Hastings.—(Photograph by Topical.)

continuation of Wren's scheme for St. Paul's. Its architect was Nicholas Hawksmoor, pupil of the master, who, during the construction of the cathedral, was clerk of the works, at a salary of one-and-eight-

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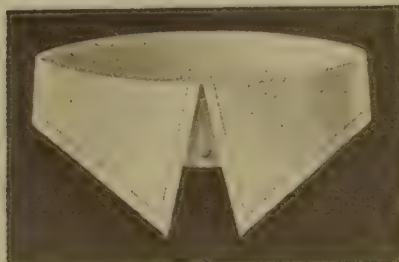
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PENCILS

TO PERMANENTLY KILL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Reader explains how to prepare and use at home the simple new absorption process by which she avoided danger and pain of the cruel electric needle. Why prescriptions, appliances, acids, lotions, and similar remedies should be avoided.

To readers of "The Illustrated London News."

At a medical conference held in Paris just prior to the war, numerous eminent physicians cited cases which prove beyond doubt that, since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process, superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic pastes, and other worthless remedies only affect surface hair, which soon grows again.

Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple Article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a liquid which immediately creeps simple home absorption process down through hair cess, after the electric needle, shaft (just as oil acids, pastes, etc., had all creeps up a lamp.

wick), dissolving hair as the liquid is absorbed. Thus the entire hair structure from socket to root and papilla may be dissolved out of existence, so there is nothing to grow again. The liquid acts only upon the hair, and is harmless to the most delicate skin and tissues, as a test will quickly prove; but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin, I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charm and attractiveness.

I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference, which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of *The Illustrated London News* cares to send me her name and address, plainly written, together with two penny stamps for return postage, I shall be pleased to send, in plain sealed envelope, full particulars, without charge of any kind, so women readers can use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential.

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How to Keep Healthy

Why we need a Tonic in the Spring

"THE old notion as to the need for spring tonics has a great deal of wisdom in it," said a well-known physician recently. "At this season men, women and children are languid, restless, and easily tired out Probably new calls are made upon nerves, brain and heart, and many a case of nervous or physical breakdown is brought about at this season. Minor nerve maladies are also more common, and it is very necessary to take every care of our nerves until summer sets in."

Four golden rules are given for preventing spring weakness, as well as the more serious impairment of brain and nerves which may take place at this season.

Take Care of Your Nerves

- (1) Avoid overwork. Your nervous energy is not equal to it at this time of the year.
- (2) Do your best to get plenty of restful sleep.
- (3) Avoid worry, anger, and every form of mental excitement.
- (4) Take Sanatogen regularly every day for a few weeks.

Take the Ideal Spring Tonic

SANATOGEN

(The True Tonic Food)

Made by GENATOSAN, Ltd., England.

The last rule is very important. Indeed, if you take Sanatogen regularly, you will find it easy to obey the other three rules. For Sanatogen will not only strengthen and invigorate your whole system, but will bring about a definite and permanent increase in your nervous energy. Hence, you will be able to sleep well, to conquer worry, irritability, etc., and to cope with the pressure of business and social duties which springtime brings, without "overdoing" it.

Fixedly resolve to obey these simple rules. And begin at once by getting a good supply of Sanatogen from your Chemists, prices from 2s. 3d. to 10s. 9d. per tin. If you put it off, you may forget, and perhaps neglect doing the best thing you've ever done for your health. So begin a course of Sanatogen to-day.

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"UR OF THE CHALDEES."

(Continued from page 470.)

Other objects of interest were found with these—a golden bull's horn; mosaic pillars made of tesserae of red and black stone and mother-of-pearl, fastened with copper wire into bitumen laid over a wooden core; and rosettes, for insertion into walls, of pottery, with petals of red, white, and black stone.

The early date of these objects would be evident from their style even had we not found with them two inscribed stone statues, of which one is perfect, the other but a torso. The latter has a complete inscription, in the most archaic cuneiform characters, recording its dedication by a certain Kur-Lil, Door-keeper of the Temple of Erech. The perfect figure is a fine example of early Sumerian art of about the time of Ur-Ninā, about 3200 B.C., with the shaven skull and prominent eyes and nose characteristic of its style.

"Ur of the Chaldees," and its environs, then, if they have not yielded relics of Abraham, have at any rate produced important works of ancient art which are far older than the date traditionally assigned to the Hebrew patriarch, and form an interesting new exhibit in the galleries of the British Museum.

During the coming week Messrs. Harrods are holding a golf exhibition in the rooms adjoining their sports department at Brompton Road. Many of the leading professionals, including James Braid, J. H. Taylor, Abe Mitchell, Alex. Herd, Ted Ray, Jack White, George Duncan, Harry Vardon and James Sherlock will attend the exhibition, and their

services will be at the entire disposal of visitors for advice or instruction required. Five large practice



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Messrs. Fry have introduced a charming selection of Easter goods for 1922. There are delightful cardboard eggs of various colours with pleasing designs. These are filled with selected assortments, of which each unit is covered in tin-foil. In addition, there are big hollow chocolate eggs, and others filled with cream, representing the white and yolk of a real egg, with other ingenious confections.

nets will be erected, together with a bunker and a putting green. A series of lectures, illustrated by slow-motion cinematograph pictures, is to be conducted by the well-known amateur, Mr. A. C. M. Cröome.

Housewives on spring-cleaning intent should note a new introduction of the Ronuk Company, an excellent furniture cream, put up in most artistic pots. It produces a brilliant lustre with very little work. It is retailed in jars at 10d. and 1s. 7½d., and in bottles at 9d. and 1s. 6d.

Eve, the Lady's Pictorial, of March 29 is an excellent shillingsworth. Light and entertaining articles are well mixed with beautifully produced illustrations. Sport, society, dogs, old furniture, golf, books, tennis, fashions, motoring—all have a place in *Eve*; while the camera contributes portraits in plenty and snapshots in season. Next week's *Eve* (April 5) is the special Easter number.

Five summer cruises to Norway, lasting from thirteen to seventeen days, have been arranged for this year by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. They will be made on the R.M.S.P. *Avon*, of 19,170 tons displacement. Tourists and holiday-makers wishing an ideal holiday could not do better than join one of these cruises. On board the *Avon* the traveller will find comfort, pleasant society, and a good table—in fact, every amenity of well-organised ship-board life. The first two cruises, starting from Immingham on June 7 and 24 respectively, are "Midnight Sun" cruises, including the North Cape in their itinerary.

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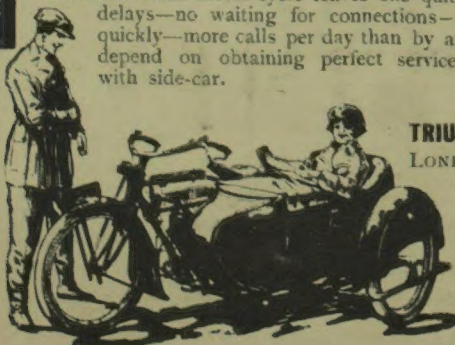


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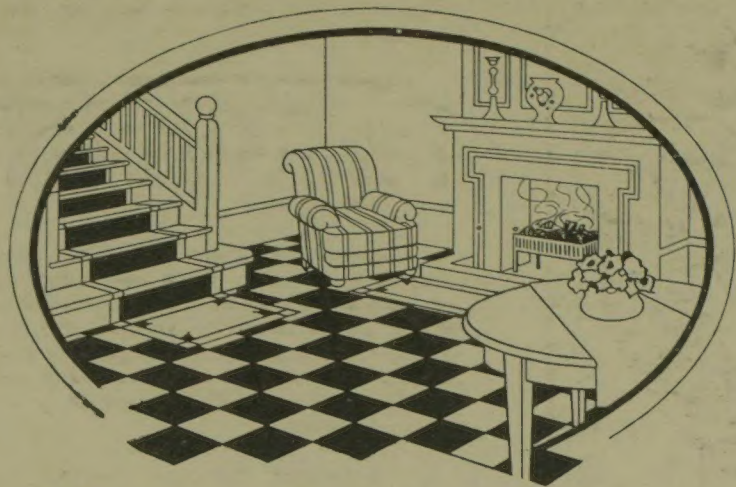
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